MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE — MECHANIC ARTS — GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

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MAINE FARMER.

'Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.'

PROPAGATING TREES BY PIECES OF THEIR ROOTS.

Mr. Andrew Saul, of the Highland Nurseries, New York, has a communication in the last Horticulturist on a somewhat new method, or what is to many a new method, of propagating trees. This is by cutting their roots into pieces and planting them. These pieces are cut horizontally into lengths of an inch, or from four to six inches long, according to the size of the root and kind of plant to be propagated.

The best season to prepare roots, he says, is in the spring, for hardy plants, and spring and early summer for pot plants—about the time when the tree or plant is starting or being excited into growth. These pieces he recommends to plant out into the open ground in rows, the ground being prepared as follows:—The soil should be made mellow and deep; the roots should be planted so as to leave the upper end of the cutting just level with the surface of the ground.

If the root cuttings are planted in rows running east and west, they may be *shaded* with advantage, for a few weeks at first, by a board set up on the south side of the row. This, he observes, will usually ensure the growth of all cuttings of the hardier trees and shrubs. Those not so easily excited into growth in the above way, had better be planted under frames or hand glasses in the open ground, and kept close until they begin to grow, when they should have air occasionally, as the weather may permit, gradually increasing it until the light or sash can be dispensed with.

This mode of propagating trees should be tried in our section of the country, in order to test its utility, and to learn what species of trees are most easily reared in this way. It will be an excellent mode of multiplying some of the rarer fruits and ornamental trees, and a person who may have but one tree of a valuable variety, instead of setting it out "solitary and alone," and running the risk of its dying, may, by cutting up its roots, start a dozen or twenty of them at once, and thus save time and labor.

Many of our native fruits can thus, probably, be perpetuated in a simple manner, and with more certainty as to their being of the genuine sort, and avoid the risk of a change or modification of the fruit by the influence of the stock as is often the case in grafting.

THOUGHTS UPON THE NATURE OF FOOD, AND THE PROCESS OF NOURISHMENT.

The subject of proper food, or diet—and the progress of digestion and nourishment, is one of great importance to the farmer, not only as a matter intimately connected with his own personal welfare, but with his business in rearing, feeding and fatting cattle. This subject has engaged the attention of Philosophers and Physiologists for many centuries, but as it is carried on within the system, where the hand cannot reach, nor the eye see, we can only judge of the action of certain substances by the results. This judgment is not always correct, because we cannot always know how many extra causes, arising from accidents, ill health, imprudences in diet or exercise, may vary the results. Researches of some of the later chemists have thrown some light upon this matter, but allowance must be made even for them, accurate as they are in the analysis of food, and of the different products of the body, because of the variations above mentioned and the lack as yet of a perfect knowledge of all the laws of assimilation of food to the several parts of the body.

It is now received as a truth that "we are composed of the same substances which serve as our nourishment." Beccarin, a physiologist, who flourished about one hundred years ago, brought forward the following proposition in regard to the properties of food, which is undoubtedly correct, viz:

"That the muscular part of the animal frame is derived from the *albuminous* constituent of the food." At that time he demonstrated that wheat flour, one of the most nutritious of vegetable substances, was composed, that is made up, of ingredients wholly unlike each other—one is starch the other gluten.—If you take a handful of fine flour and hold it under a little stream of water, working it by the hand, the starch will be worked out, and a tough stringy glutinous substance be left behind. This is the "*gluten*" of wheat, or the albuminous part. Now if you take both of these substances—moisten them and expose them to a moderate heat, you will find that different action will commence in each. The starch will at first ferment and yield an acid or sour substance. The gluten will at once show a tendency to putrefaction more like an animal substance. This last substance, he concluded, formed the muscle of animals, and the former the other substances.

More recently Liebig has divided, or classified these substances into the "*nutritive*" and the "*heat producing*." The gluten being nutritive and the other heat producing. Thompson, in his work on the food of animals, observes that, according to this view, "all food is destined for repairing the waste of the body and for the production of animal heat. The heat may be produced by the union of the carbon and hydrogen of the food with oxygen, (the latter gaining admission to the system by the lungs, stomach and skin,) or it may be produced by the condensation of oxygen during its substitution for hydrogen and formation of oxygen products. Although the nutritive part of food requires a mixture of heat producing matter, yet the system of animals may be supported on the albuminous, or perhaps it may better be called *fibrinous* matter alone. We know that beasts of prey will live on animal or fibrinous matter altogether. We are told that the cows on the coast of Lapland, are maintained part of the year on dried fish; and Catlin, in his work on the American Indians, says that there are not less than 250,000 Indians who live almost exclusively on dried buffalo meat. When they dry this, they cut the fresh meat into slices, say half an inch thick across the grain, so as to have fat and lean in layers, and it is then hung up to the sun. This, when to be eaten, is pounded and sometimes mixed with marrow. This not only nourishes them, supplying the muscular matter for their bodies, but it also keeps up the heat of their bodies, since they eat no vegetables whatever.

Hence it must be inferred that fibrinous matter, such as meat and the gluten, is capable alone of producing animal heat to a certain degree. It must be observed, however, that this dried meat has portions of *fat* with it, and that they also often mingle marrow with it, which materials (fat and marrow) contain heat producing principles, as hydrogen, carbon, &c.

We will not now give the theory *how* these changes are brought about in the process of digestion, but merely repeat our remark made in the beginning, that a proper knowledge of these things would be vastly beneficial in feeding animals.

We ought to know the exact amount of each material we feed out to our stock, and also how to apportion it to the same animal when he is at daily work, or quietly reposing in the stall, because we all know that exercise and rest have a great influence on the matter of feeding and fattening animals.

We will give below a table of the proportions of fibrinous or nutritive matter in a hundred, of certain vegetable matters used for food. Thompson observes that the several kinds of flour used as human food, are principally albuminous (fibrinous) substances—heat producing matter, and water and salts &c., if you obtain the nutritive portion (which has been called gluten albumen and fibrin) in *dried* specimens, the remainder may be considered as heat producing.

The following are the results of Thompson's experiments:

	Albuminous or nutritive matter per 100 lbs.
Bean meal, (Eng. bean)	25.36 hundredths.
Linseed meal,	23.62 "
Scotch Oatmeal,	15.61 "
Semolina,	12.81 "
Canadian (wheat) flour,	11.62 "
Barley,	11.31 "
Maize, (Indian Corn)	10.93 "
Hay,	9.71 "
Malt,	8.71 "
Rice, (East Indies)	8.37 "
Sago,	3.33 "
South Sea Arrow root,	3.13 "
Potatoes,	2.23 "
Starch, (wheat)	2.18 "
Swedish turnips, (R. Baga)	1.32 "

We observed above that *dried* specimens being used, what was not *nutritive* matter might be considered *heat producing*. In specimens as commonly fed out, such as potatoes for instance, allowance must be made for the water they contain.

Now for the practical use of the above remarks and table. A man who does not labor or exercise much, should live on that kind of food which is more *heat producing* than *muscle making*—bread and vegetable substances rather than much meat. One who works hard will require a somewhat opposite course of diet. In the feeding of animals many observing farmers have adopted the right principles without knowing the great reasons. Some will tell you that Indian corn is better for a horse in winter and oats in summer. This accords with Thompson's tables. You will there see that the heat producing powers of corn are nearly 89 out of a hundred, while those of oats are but about 84 in a hundred. Many farmers will tell you that they do not give corn to their horses because *it is too heating*, more so than oats, which is true. They will also tell you that corn will fat a horse, but oats will make him more *frisky*. This is true; there is more fibrinous or *muscle making* matter in oats than in corn.

CAUSE OF HAY BEING SMOKY.

In conversation, the other day, with J. R. Abbot, Esq., of this town, he observed that the cause why hay was oftentimes smoky, was its not being made enough before being put into the barn. He formerly dealt considerably in hay, and bought of various people who brought it to market. Among his customers were two neighbors. The hay which one brought was always bright and clean and weighed well. The hay which the other brought looked well, but generally disappointed them in its weight, not being so heavy, bulk for bulk, as the other, and was smoky. He asked the first one the cause of this—why his hay was always bright—not smoky, and heavier than that of his neighbors? Because, said he, I always give mine one day's sun after they think theirs fit to go into the barn. This is the whole secret—thorough and faithful making will prevent its becoming smoky and cause it to weigh more, bulk for bulk, than hay that is put into the barn not sufficiently made. It is a fact worth remembering.

PROCURE GOOD SEED. Spare no pains in obtaining the best seed. It is better to pay twice the usual price for an extra article, than to plant or sow that which is bad. If your corn or wheat is obviously degenerating, or from any atmospherical contingency, operating upon the crop, is but imperfectly developed, or infected with disease, do not think of using it as seed. Such a course would be to ensure inevitable perplexity, and ultimate loss.

Whenever your wheat or grain of any kind becomes unfecund on soils which should ensure a good yield, the only course is to exchange it, or substitute a better. This is to be accomplished by purchase, generally, and when facilities afford, of seed raised at a distance. W.

ENGRAFTING. In an article which was some time since published in the Farmer, it was stated, substantially, that scions when set hastily are sometimes so inclined in the stock that the barks cross; and although scions set in this way may *live*, yet they will never thrive. An individual who has had considerable experience in engrafting, remarks that for several years past he has purposely set all his scions slightly inclined so that the bark of the scion may cross that of the stock. He finds that they are much more likely to live when set in this manner; and the only difficulty he has observed about their growing is that they are apt to grow too fast. His attention was first directed to this particular by noticing some scions which he had set in a small stock but a few inches from the ground, and near his buildings. Soon after they were set he saw that the hens had been scratching about the stock—one scion they had got entirely out, and the other they had left in a horizontal position. He supposed that the remaining scion would not grow, and therefore he left it as he found it; but it did grow nevertheless, as much inclined as it was, and became a thrifty tree. R.

TO SAVE SCIONS. We are informed by Col. W. Thurston, of Madison, that a neighbor of his has adopted a new plan for preserving scions for engrafting, which, thus far, has proved entirely successful, and which our informant thinks is better than any other method which he has seen recommended. The scions may be cut at any time during the winter, when convenient; he would then cover them with snow, or bury them in some snow bank, so that they may remain frozen till near the time when they are wanted for use. They may thus be preserved uninjured—unchanged—and they will be found in excellent order in the spring. No scions have done better than those which have been treated in this manner. R.

KEEPING EGGS.

A friend who has had no inconsiderable experience in the business, informs us that he has tried many methods for preserving eggs, but that the following has proved the most effectual. Take a cask or box, or any vessel that is proportioned in size to the number of eggs required to be kept, and cover the bottom with finely pulverized salt. The eggs are to be set on the small end, so near as to touch each other, and the interstices to be filled with salt, the whole to be covered with a stratum of the same article, and another laying of eggs deposited in the manner of the first. In this way the cask may be filled. If the eggs are deposited on their large ends, the yolk will adhere to the shell, and become putrid. We have tried the above, on a small scale, and find it to work admirably. A correspondent, to whom we some time since communicated the above method, and in whose statements we place the most implicit faith, in a letter to us, recently received, remarks as follows:—"I have adopted the plan recommended by you, in keeping eggs, and find it to answer admirably. I have now several dozens eggs which were packed one year since, and which are now as sweet as when taken from the nest." W.

[For the Maine Farmer.]

CULTIVATION OF FRUIT.

DR. HOLMES:—*Dear Sir*—I have been satisfied for several years past that we have not devoted sufficient care upon the cultivation and raising of Fruit. I was glad to see your call for a Convention, in January last, for the purpose of improving upon this branch of industry and economy, which is, if rightly considered, one of the first and most important our State affords. I anticipated much pleasure in attending that Convention, and presenting a specimen of apples from my own orchard, and some of my neighbors, all raised from seedlings. Mr. Joseph Norton, of this town, has a tree in his orchard worthy of notice. He has named the apples the "*Muskmelon Sweets*." It is neither too sweet nor too sour. It has a flavor of a muskmelon, but not so strong as to render it unpalatable. It is a very rich apple, and sufficiently mellow and juicy to render it extremely delicious, especially to those who are accustomed to eating it and like the taste of a muskmelon. It will keep well in the winter. It measures from six to nine inches in circumference, and is of an oblong round, shaped like the hub of a cart wheel. Though much to my regret, I have not been able to attend your second Convention, in February.

I hope this movement will be successful in opening the eyes of the people of this State to one of their own best interests; for there is, probably, no soil or climate better adapted to the cultivation of good fruit, more *especially* apples, than the State of Maine. If the wheat crop is uncertain, (as it has been for a few years past,) and the potato rot proves to be a permanent disease, let the people turn their attention to the cultivation of apples and the various kinds of fruit best adapted to the soil and climate, and there is no question but that this State may yet be made, not only to furnish her own inhabitants with the richest delicacies and luxuries of life, but also to export a sufficient amount to meet the necessary import of wheat, corn, &c., of which we have not, as yet, been successful in raising enough for our own consumption.

This would render the work upon the farm less laborious and severe, while it would do away with the competition arising from the Western and Middle States, where they can raise and transport corn and wheat, *in these days of steam*, with less expense than we, in this cold climate and in many places hard soils, can possibly raise them. It would give employment for our navigation, which is already extensive, ranking third in the United States, and it should be the first, from the favorable situation of our coast and harbors. Navigation in all ages of the world has been one of the principal sources of a nation's wealth, and it is no less true of the present. There is no danger of glutting the market for apples. Were the whole State of Maine converted into an orchard, it would no more than supply the demand of the European States and other countries where this species of fruit cannot be conveniently raised. In conversing with a sailor upon this subject, he remarked that he had seen many a time on the Pacific, coast of South America, where *they* would give two oranges for one apple which *we* should consider not fit to eat. It is but too evident that our farmers labor too hard for the profits they derive. 'Tis true we need an inland market or a better mode of internal conveyance to the navigable rivers and harbors. But the prospect is, that the time is not far distant, when the enterprise of the people will bring a market, as it were, to our very doors; and we need or should not go to Boston or any other port for shipping to convey our articles of produce to other countries: neither should our young men go to New Bedford or Nantucket in search of a whaling voyage, while our own State is so amply provided with the means for all sorts of navigation. There is no question but that this State has ample means of becoming one of the most prosperous and flourishing States in the Union. But I shall be lengthy—I will close. Respectfully Yours,

C. R. VAUGHAN.

Norridgewock, Feb. 5, 1847.

[For the Maine Farmer.]

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

MR. EDITOR:—I had a fire kindle in my cellar yesterday, in a cask of ashes that were three or more months old. As all your readers may not know that cold ashes will sometimes take fire, I will relate the circumstance as it occurred.

A half hogshead was carefully placed in one corner of the cellar, where it might be consumed without burning any thing else. When it was filled, I fixed some pieces of board around the top and piled the ashes above the tub against the stone wall. On examination, after the fire broke out, I found a board that laid one edge and one end to the wall and partly over the tub with ashes above it, to be the seat of the fire. All that part that laid over the tub was charred to dust and fire rapidly kindling on the edge of the tub; the ashes above and near the fire were quite damp and very hot;—towards the bottom of the tub drier and not so hot. Now the philosophy of the matter seems to be this:—the ashes absorbed moisture from the frosty stone wall, which caused a rapid condensation, and carbonic sufficient to produce ignition was evolved. What elements to fire a dwelling! *Cold ashes and a frosty stone wall!*

I have now stated what actually did take place. I will now mention what might have occurred and doubtless has many times. A cask of ashes may be placed very snugly under the cellar stairs. From some cause they may become partially wet, or in an out building exposed to snow or rain, combustion ensues, slowly but certain. The staves of the cask are charred; on a bitter night the piercing North Wester searches every crevice—the flames burst out, and the elevated dwelling is wreathed in flames, while the wretched family barely escape, half naked and frozen, and the fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A.

Readfield, Jan. 27, 1847.

NOTE. We recollect reading, in Silliman's Journal, we think it was, some years ago, a statement respecting the firing of ashes that were some months old, caused by moisture.

It was thought by some to be caused by the evolution of potassium, which is the basis of potash, and will take fire by coming in contact with the air. The fact is an important one to be known, in order to induce people to be exceedingly careful where they put their ashes. [ED.

TEAMS AND TEAMSTERS AT WASHINGTON. The correspondent of the Calais Journal gives the following picture of teams and teamsters about the city of Washington:

I was much amused traveling about among the teams to witness the distance they are behind New England. The yokes on their oxen merely straight pieces of wood, with the ill-shaped bows sticking up ten or twelve inches. Horses with straw and corn-husk collars and no shoes; oxen with their horns sawed off close to their heads to prevent their hooking. I saw a team consisting of a yoke of stags, an ass, and a mule: the stags were blind of every eye. Upon inquiring as to the cause, I was told they were very unruly, and their owner had their eyes put out to prevent their doing mischief!—What think ye of that?

I saw another team of six oxen, the off ones all had horns, while the near ones, had no horns, or, were what are called here, "buffaloes." I asked the driver the reason of this arrangement, and he replied, that if he put the horned ones on the near side *they would hook him!!* In fact they saw off the horns to prevent their doing mischief. The cows are chiefly "buffalo" for the same reason. They remove through fear, what our northern farmers consider the greatest ornament to a yoke of cattle.

I saw a fellow with two horses and a small load of shucks or husks. As I was passing him he inquired "Will you buy?" "What do you ask?" said I. "One dollar and fifty cents." Not being disposed to buy at that price, he began to reduce, and finally got down to fifty cents! and the poor fellow had driven his team eight miles!

It takes four horses to draw six hundred of rye straw, or two feet of wood—not exactly horses, but horse frames. You would laugh to see one of these four-horse teams. The driver, generally a negro, with a slouched hat, with a whip of hickory stuff, or corn husk lash, mounts the near pole horse, and such a figure, with such a cart behind!

There is an alkali existing in the leaves of tobacco, called *niconiti*, one grain of which in its pure state, would be fatal to animal life.

[Original Translation—Continued.]

MANUAL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE.

TRANSLATED, FOR THE MAINE FARMER, FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LEBEAUD, IN

L'Encyclopedia des Sciences et des Arts.

WITH NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

Erysipelas.

This disease very often attacks horses that have but imperfectly recovered from the horse distemper or strangles—those which have been kept in rich pastures, are fleshy and heavy-limbed, and those which are driven on muddy roads, and are not well cleaned. This disease appears first at the pastern-joint, and spreads upward upon the leg—there is a painful swelling, and a discharge of an acrimonious and offensive humor. The swelling, pain and discharge increase—the skin cracks and ulcerates—the leg is covered with warts and scabs, and frequently the horse loses his hoof. There are two objects to be aimed at in the treatment of this disease—to remove the inflammation from the diseased part, and purify the mass of the humor by a course of internal treatment. After having prepared the patient by clearing out the bowels with lavement, he should be bled, and be given a mercurial purgative, No. 16, and this should be repeated from time to time during the treatment. The diseased legs should be kept perfectly clean—the hair should be trimmed off, if necessary—they should be washed several times a day, with the lead-water, No. 13; with the solution, No 5—or with one of the preparations, Nos. 1 and 2; and towards the close of the disease we should apply warm spirit or spirit of camphor, in which soap has been dissolved to saturation. The composition, No. 17, can also be rubbed upon the diseased parts with advantage. Rowels will be very useful in this disease—and blistering and the cautery may be tried in obstinate cases.

Internally, we should give bitter infusions, antimony, and whatever may be necessary to promote digestion and the general health of the animal.

No. 16. Aloes, two drams; senna in powder, an ounce; calomel, a dram; mix and make into pills.

No. 13. Sugar of lead, two ounces; camphorated spirit, four ounces; water, half a pint; mix.

No. 5. Take any quantity of spring water—put in as much sal ammoniac or common salt as will dissolve.

No. 1. Take gall nuts in coarse powder, alum, and green vitriol, each two ounces; boil them in a quart of water.

No. 2. Alum, four ounces; blue vitriol and white vitriol, each two ounces; Armenian bole in powder, an ounce; dissolve them in a pint of water.

No. 17. Alum and green vitriol, each eight ounces; gall nuts, four ounces; corrosive sublimate, an ounce; reduce them to a fine powder and mix with two pounds of honey. The corrosive sublimate makes this composition very poisonous. It may be omitted without great injury to the prescription.

Exostosis.

A swelling which comes upon the canon bone. Blistering will sometimes effect a cure, but the actual cautery is more to be relied on. The splint differs from this only in the form it assumes.

Farcy.

A disease of the lymphatic system, caused by the thickening or bad quality of the lymph, and which appears under a variety of forms. Sometimes a great number of round and hard tumors appear upon the neck, the shoulders, the sides, or the hips—sometimes in the form of warts upon the breast or legs—sometimes upon several parts of the body, in the form of tetter—upon the back, the inside of the leg, and the gambrel; sometimes it is seated upon the glands of the joints, and then becomes very difficult of cure. The farcy is not difficult of cure when the warts are scattered over the body, constituting what has been called the "flying fury;" but it is a very serious disease when the insides of the legs are ulcerated and studded with inflamed warts; and when a green fluid runs from the nostrils, it is a very bad symptom; and if it is neglected it will degenerate into the glanders or a disease of the lungs, probably beyond the reach of medicine. Among the known causes of farcy, the most common are: a state of absolute idleness succeeding immediately to very active labor; a very stimulating diet, without exercise; or during a state of weakness from previous disease—green forage, or grain, or feed of bad quality—a filthy and damp stable—neglect in cleaning and rubbing, &c. The treatment of farcy requires great care and attention; the horse should be bled, put on spare diet, and have a purgative, such as No. 16, (see above.) He should be given the next and each succeeding day a handful of the powder, No. 20, or of No. 21, mixed in some warm water or gruel; every few days the purgative should be repeated, according to the force of the disease and the necessity of the case. The warty swellings should be rubbed once or twice a day with mercurial ointment, and as soon as they appear to contain matter they should be opened, and treated by dress with one of the preparations, No. 15 or 17, (17 above,) until they are healed, or still better they may be cauterized with the hot iron. Antimonial preparations should be given inwardly; and the horse should have regular exercise.

If the horse appears to suffer from the mercurial treatment, let him rest from it for a few days, during which he should take demulcents, such as flaxseed tea, freely; and lavements should be given so as to keep the bowels free. The food should be coarse hay and beans, fine hay or oats should not be given during the continuance of the disease. This being a contagious disease, all precautions should be observed to prevent its spreading; [see Contagion.]

No. 20. Cumin, coriander and ginger, each an ounce; reduce to a fine powder, and mix and divide into two doses.

No. 21. Sarsaparilla, three ounces; liver of antimony, an ounce; pulverize, mix, and divide into two doses.

No. 15. Gunpowder, ground fine, two ounces; common salt, a pound; yellow snuff and white vitriol, each four ounces; pepper and sal ammoniac, each an ounce, mix the whole with lard enough to form an ointment, or dissolve in three pints of brandy.

Fever.

Diseased action of the whole body, which produces a hurried and forcible action of the heart and blood-vessels. Fever is not so often a disease by itself as a symptom of other diseases; it is generally considered an effort of nature to relieve itself from some cause of irritation. We recognize fever in the horse when upon placing the hand upon the region of the heart or some large vessel, we perceive its pulsations increased in force and frequency. This is accompanied by more or less heat. The horse is dull, uneasy, and drooping—his breath is hot—his eyes are inflamed—he loses his appetite and sleep.

Fever ought to be treated by those remedies which are calculated to calm the disordered action of the system; [see Inflammation;] and by giving strengthening medicines before the inflammatory symptoms have subsided, we should aggravate the disease instead of curing it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAUSES OF TOOTH-ACHE.

We have received from Dr. J. Burdell, an eminent and well known dentist in this city, an article in relation to the disease of the teeth, which, as it seems to us, is very sensible and well-timed. At any rate, everybody is interested in this matter, and the least that everybody can do, is to give the Doctor a hearing His great experience in dentistry entitles his remarks to universal confidence. The following is the substance of the article to which we allude.

Tooth-ache, properly so called, arises from the swollen condition of the nerve which occupies the centre of the tooth, and is caused by the exposure to an unnatural element.—When the decay reaches the nerve, it is exposed, and becomes inflamed and swollen; and the tooth being a dense hard substance, and not pliant and elastic like those parts in our bodies which surround other nerves, does not expand, and the nerve, although much enlarged by the inflammation, is still confined in its natural cavity, causing that violent beating or throbbing sensation, often so great as to deprive those thus afflicted of all rest, and even the proper exercise of their intellectual faculties.

As the nerves of the teeth communicate with the brain they transmit the inflammation to that delicate organ, thus affecting more or less the reason. If you ever had a tight ring on a swollen finger, you will readily understand this subject. The ring will not accommodate itself to the size of the finger, which necessarily becomes more and more inflamed while the ring remains, but as soon as it is removed, or the swelling reduced, the pain and irritability subside; and so it is with the tooth. Should the tooth be split, the nerve would then be free from external pressure, and the pain would immediately cease.

There is another cause of pain from the teeth, which proceeds from an inflammation of the vascular membrane which surrounds the roots of the teeth. Vascular is derived from the Latin word *vasculum*, a vessel. The sockets which contain the roots of the teeth, are lined with little blood-vessels, that supply the teeth with vitality. These little vessels sometimes become affected by being over-stimulated by excessive drinking and eating, thus filling them to such a degree as to cause inflammation and swelling of the membrane, which pressing between the socket and the tooth, throws it up, and produces the feeling, when closing the jaws, that the tooth is much longer than formerly.

Gum-boils, and ulcers at the roots of the teeth, are only a tension of this diseased state of the membrane. Actual experience proves beyond a doubt that these diseases are the results of excess, and the very word *boil* seems to refer to fever or heat produced by excess.

And now, as I have described the cause of this pain, I shall go a little farther and define the word pain. It means *penalty;* and as a penalty cannot be righteously inflicted without a violation of law, your own reason must decide we have much responsibility in these matters. We must all bear the penalty attatched to transgression. [Youth's Cabinet.

CUT NAILS.

Few of the carpenters now in active life, know anything of the toil their predecessors had with pitch-pine timber and boards, and wrought-nails and the old pod auger. The nail machine and planing machine and other improvements have taken off a great amount of their hard labor, and perhaps some of them think that steam is taking more than its share of the work. But working of pitch-pine with a jack-plane was no sinecure, and when the wrought nail was the only one used, it was necessary to bore a hole for every one with a bit or gimlet. The building which we occupy for an office was erected in the last century by Shipboy, a famous builder in his day, and the timbers are such as are no more to be had. You might as well undertake to drive a nail into a rock.

The business of manufacturing wrought nails was of considerable importance in its day. There were several establishments in this city and the descendants of their proprietors are now of the *haut ton*, to whom the interior of a nail-shop in which a part of their fortunes was made, would be a great curiosity. These nails began to go out of use nearly half a century ago, when the cut nail was introduced, greatly economizing labor and expense. We learn from the Niagara Democrat that the Inventor of the cut nail, or rather the brad, the addition of the head being ascribed to another, died at Batavia on the 31st of Dec. last, aged 83. His name was BENJAMIN COCHRAN, and the Democrat gives the following account of him. "His invention was previous to the patent law, and he consequently derived no pecuniary benefit from that which has been of so much advantage to the world. It is worthy of remark, that Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, which, in point of utility to the world, is ranked next to the steam engine, and Cochran, the inventor of the cut-nail, were at a time journeymen together in the same shop in New Haven. Mr. Cochran settled at Batavia in 1802. Away there in the wilderness he had lost sight of his invention, and learned in after years, that it had been perfected and a nail factory set up at Rochester. We have heard him relate an anecdote of his visit to it. His curiosity to see the operation of his own invention, led him to a close examination of it, and he was arrested by one of the workmen who remarked to him that he was "stealing the trade." "No, no," said the old gentleman, "*but you have stolen mine.*"

"He claimed to have coined the first cent ever made in America. He introduced the first church or public bell into Western New York, in 1804, the same that now hangs in the court house at Batavia. He was not only an excellent bell-founder, but excellent in other branches of mechanism. After he had passed his 73d year, we had the pleasure of doing the worthy old man a favor, by carrying the model of a new invention to the patent office for him."

We agree with the editor of the Democrat, that the memory of the inventor of cut nails deserves a place beside that of Fulton, Whitney, and his other American contemporaries.

The manufacture of cut nails has become a vast business, giving employment to immense amount of capital, labor and machinery. A visit to the two establishments on the Poestenkill, below the city of Troy, known as the Troy and Albany Nail Works, will give some idea of it, where the machinery

"Thumps away both night and day,
And makes a noise like thunder, O,
The cranks and cams, and battering rams,
Do keep such a pelting, pounding, O,
That all the ground is shook around,
By reason of the jouncing, O."

[Mech. Journal.

RECLAIMING MEADOW LAND.

MR. EDITOR,—Sir: The latter part of last August, I made an attempt for the first time in my life to reclaim a small piece of bog meadow. The place chosen for that purpose was a low piece of fresh meadow which bore scarcely anything but moss and bushes. The first method I adopted was to ditch, which was accomplished; the ditches were dug 2 feet deep, and 2 1-2 feet wide. After ditching I dug out all the bushes and threw them into a pile to burn on the surface. I then with a horse carted on gravel (which was obtained from a hill near by) to the depth of 5 or 6 inches and then covered it 2 or 3 inches deep with loam. But the increase of water from the pressure of such a weight of sand rendered it so wet, I thought my labor fruitless, but not being acquainted with such an undertaking it then occurred to me that cross ditching would be the only way to bring my labors to a speedy conclusion. By that means the weight of sand might press out the water, the soil being of a porous nature. Nor was I deceived, for in two days after digging said ditches, the water had entirely disappeared. I then covered it with rich soil and three ox loads of fine manure, and sowed to herds grass and clover about the middle of September; in about ten days it came up thick set, and bids fair for a nice crop. JUVENIS.

The first step to be taken to convert bogs into English mowing is to drain thoroughly. If ditches are dug within four rods of each other, three feet deep and three feet wide, the muck thrown out will do much to cover and make the surface level. Two or three inches of gravel are better than a thick covering. When the surface is very uneven, it should be smoothed before the highland earth is carted on. [Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE IRON MOUNTAIN.

Hunt's Merchant's Mag. for Jan. contains an account of the Iron Mountain in Missouri, from Dr. Lewis Feuchtwanger. Near the Iron Mountain is another mass of solid iron called the Pilot Knob, of still larger dimensions. The writer of the letter thinks that in these two is contained iron enough to last the whole world for a hundred years. We quote a part of his account:

"The material in the Pilot Knob has never been used for casting purposes, but, some few years ago, edge-tools were manufactured and forged from the crude ore. The quantity of pig iron produced at present is about ten tons per day, performed by four discharges in twenty-four hours, but the present furnace having given way, it must be replaced by a more substantial and larger one, which is estimated to produce twenty tons per day. The distance from the Iron Mountain to the landing on the Mississippi river, is 40 miles, and it costs but one-quarter of a cent per pound for transportation. I met twelve wagons loaded with pig metal, each having four thousand pounds, and performing the trip in four days, at an expense of ten dollars each.

The Iron Mountain proper is about a mile and a half long, and about one mile broad or rather more than a section of land; while the Pilot Knob is twice as high as the Iron Mountain, but has not as much surface. Here you travel upon nothing but iron lumps as far as the eye can reach; there you see the whole top of the mountain forming one sheet of iron. Here they have penetrated but ten feet into the ground—the surface iron being all, too, large lumps—while at the Pilot Knob, they have penetrated, on the summit and at the base, at least two hundred and fifty feet. The iron ore found here is of the richest kind; it yields at least 60 per cent. of pig metal, and I saw but very few slugs lying about the furnace. At St. Louis, they prefer the pig iron from the Iron Mountain to that of Tennessee. The company intend making, in a short time, twenty tons per day, or 7,500 tons per annum. It would pay a profit to export the ore to other States for smelting, where fuel is more abundant. The supply of the ore in this region is inexhaustible.

The Iron Mountain is one mile broad, four hundred and forty-four feet high, and three miles long. The lumps of iron increase in size ascending towards the summit. The Pilot Knob is the highest peak of mountains in the whole neighborhood, and cannot be less than fifteen hundred feet high; it is said to be a mile from the base to the summit, but this appears highly incredible. The iron ore is a micaceous oxide of iron, but not a magnetic oxide, as some former writers have called it."

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MAR. 18, 1847.

A LITTLE MORE.

That's the cause of all dissension, envy, hatred and oppression. A little more—we want a little more. That's it—all of us want a little more—must possess a little more—and if we can scrape together a little more than our neighbor, stand back, sir, is the word, I am richer and, of course, *holier* than thou. Well, what would you have? Shall a man sit down with his thumb in his mouth and cry "O be easy," and not strive for a living *and a little more?* No, sir: we neither believe nor preach such doctrine. We believe it a duty for every one to obtain a good living by honest industry, and also accumulate a little something to sustain him in sickness, and when old age shall enfeeble his limbs and faculties. It is the inordinate thirst—the insatiable desire of getting a little more than that—a little more than a competence—a little more after the measure is full—a little more filched and wrung from some fellow being, who has it not to spare from real necessities. The desire of super abundant wealth causes one half of the wretchedness and crime in society. Ambition prompts to the seizing of power in some shape or other. If it cannot do it by war and conquests of the sword, it pushes its votaries on in some other path by which it can be gratified; and the possession of wealth, while it gratifies the particular love for gold which many have, gives, either directly or indirectly, power over others. If all could repeat with sincerity the prayer of Agur,—"Give me neither poverty nor riches," and also practice the precept, we leave it to you to say if the world wouldn't be vastly happier, and peace and love and charity, all united, make society like a band of brothers. Wars would cease, for they are always founded on the desire of the aggressing party to possess a little more. Tyranny and oppression would cease, for the desire of having a little more is the very essence of their existence. Lying and cheating and extortion would cease, for this desire of having a little more is the mainspring to such unholy practices. Hatred and envy and jealousy and backbiting would cease, for all these are the fruits of a desire to have a little more out of somebody, and a desire to put somebody down and ourselves up higher.

A very sensible writer (F. De La Menais) has said, and said with much truth, too, "Upon the earth there is room for all, and God has rendered it sufficiently fertile to supply the wants of all. If many lack the necessaries of life, it is because man has disturbed the order established by God; it is because he has interrupted the original family union; it is because the members of that family have become first strangers and then enemies to each other.

Multitudes of particular societies, colonies, tribes, and nations have been formed, which, instead of tendering the hand and affording mutual aid, have only studied how to injure each other.

Bad passions and selfishness, whence all bad passions spring, have armed brothers against brothers. Each has sought his own good at the expense of the others. Rapine has banished security from the world, and war has devastated it. There is a furious struggle for the bloody fragments of the common heritage."

These remarks of Menais are too true. The furious struggle is constantly going on in some shape or other. Like the fabled Proteus, who could assume any shape he pleased, selfishness is constantly in action, intent only in obtaining a little more, regardless of the mode or of the suffering it creates.

A NEW JERSEY FENCE. We copy from Alexander's Messenger Mr. B. W. Cooper's description of a fence at Haddonfield, N. J. It is a worm fence of six rails to a panel, the lower rail resting on a stone. The rails rest one upon another, and an iron rod runs through them all. The iron rods, three eigths of an inch square, are cut by a smith into suitable lengths, say four and a half or five feet, and punched near the top end to receive a key; a hole about one and a half inch deep is drilled into the stone on which the fence rests, into which the rod is inserted and secured by running in melted lead. Holes are bored at each end of the rails, through which the rods pass. Before placing on the top rail, put on blocks about six inches long, and of sufficient thickness to elevate the rail to the top of the rod, then secure by inserting the key. I have erected about 100 panels of this kind of fence, seven rails high, which has withstood tornadoes.

One hundred weight of three-eighths iron cost $5,50, and made 47 rods, 5 feet in length. Blacksmith's bill for cutting, punching and keys, 87 1-2 cents.

A NEW AND DESIRABLE WORK ON FRUIT. We are pleased to see that C. M. Hovey, the Editor of the Magazine of Horticulture, is about commencing a periodical to be called *The Fruits of America.* The work is to commence on the first of April next, and to continue every alternate month. It will contain richly colored engravings, representing also the wood and foliage of all the choicest fruits cultivated in the United States. The paintings from nature, made expressly for the work, by W. Sharp. The letter press will contain a full description of the fruits, the habit of growth of the trees, color of the wood, and form of the leaves: the synonyms under which each variety is known; the origin and period of introduction, and all other particulars of importance to the pomologist.

If this work be faithfully done, it will be an excellent thing, and become what has been quite a desideratum to the pomologist—a standard and authority, to which he can refer in case of doubt in regard to varieties already in cultivation, and a source to obtain exact knowledge of new varieties. We wish friend Hovey complete success in every particular.

His terms are—in Royal Octavo, richly colored, $1 per number, payable on delivery. A limited number of impressions in Imperial Quarto, very highly finished, at $2 per number.

'TOM MOORE'S BROTHER-IN-LAW. An exchange paper says it may not be generally known, that Tom Moore is a brother-in-law to Senator Sevier. Ah, indeed! What Tom Moore? Tom Moore of *sweet* Erin, or "Tom Moore of Fleet-street"?

THE HORTICULTURIST,

AND JOURNAL OF RURAL ART AND RURAL TASTE. We have received the March number of this excellent work; and we would refer our readers to our advertising columns for farther particulars respecting the designs of it, and the terms of its publication. Mr. Tucker is deserving great credit for the neat and handsome appearance of the work. The Editor, A. J. Downing, is too well known by his works on "Cottage residences, Fruits and Fruit trees of America," &c., to need any notice from us. The work ought to circulate in every neighborhood. Those who wish to examine it, may see it at our office, and it would give us great pleasure to forward the names of any who desire to take it. The fruits and flowers of the garden, are among the choice blessings of God to man. What would the world be without them? Then it is the duty of every man, no matter who he is, no matter what he is, to encourage Horticultural pursuits. By cultivation you live. Cultivate someting yourself, if it be nothing but a strawberry plant in a broken pitcher. You will find more to puzzle you even in this simple operation than you can solve. How much more interesting must it be to follow it on a large scale, and to operate with the elements as if you had creative power, and could create luscious fruits from apparently nothing, and nurse into existence and fruitfulness the various species of rich trees and shrubs which add so much to the beauty and pleasure and happiness of this otherwise worthless world. Friend, subscribe for the Horticulturist, and become a horticulturist.

PERSEVERANCE.

"Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
Calm and serene may be the morrow;
The cup of pleasure ne'er shown bright
Without some mingling drops of sorrow."—ANON.

The want, or rather the lack of this faculty, or its exercise, has doubtless been the cause of failure to many, and the ruin of many an enterprise, commenced with every prospect of success. We do not deny that many an undertaking, which at first appeared to gunrantee the most happy results, has been blasted by the occurrence of events which no human judgment could either forsee or avoid. Man, in this life, holds even the humblest blessings by a precarious tenure. He is liable, at all times, to be assailed by misfortunes, and not unfrequently does he find his hard-earned substance, the accumulation of which has exhausted the best portion of his years, suddenly swept from him by the frauds, villainies, or selfish extravagance of those with whom he has become connected, who recklessly waste his substance, and involve him in legal toils and pecuniary liabilities, of the existence of which he had never dreamed. Such contingencies are calculated to try the equanimity of the most stoical; for of all misfortunes, those are perhaps the most painful to be borne which have been imposed upon us by the ingratitude or careless indifference of those whom we have regarded as friends, and have treated with the most credulous confidence and unsuspecting kindness, till the dread reality bursts upon us like a thunderbolt, and reveals the fearful fact that we have been involved in the meshes of the unprincipled and designing, "who have eaten our substance, and squandered our earthly all."

Such things are perplexing, a severe trial to human patience, and indeed almost too much for mere humanity to endure. Yet there is a remedy. Conscious of our own uprightness, and fortified by the consolatory fact that to him who is truly deserving, the world will generally render, though late, a just reward, we should never exhibit the impotence of fear or of folly, but steadily PERSEVERE. We are informed in history that Muley Molock was taken to the field in the last stages of an incurable disease. Upon seeing his forces recoil before the foe, he aroused, rallied his panic-stricken followers, rolled back the adverse current, and won the day.

"Better luck next time," says Jacob Faithful. Never despair. Difficulties must be met, not shrunk from. It has been said of Napoleon, that all obstacles were his enemies. When he assumed the command of the Army of Italy, it is well known to have been in a deplorable condition—poorly clad, miserably provisioned, destitute of even the rudiments of discipline, while the most valuable officers were daily tendering their resignations, and openly announcing their inability to restrain insubordination in soldiers who were famishing for want of food.

But Napoleon's was not the spirit to recoil, even under such difficulties. His language to the Directory shows his indomitable energy and perseverance, as well as the fearful condition to which the army had been reduced. "The army," says he, "is in a fearful state of destitution; I have great obstacles to contend with, *but they are surmountable!*"—And what was the grand result? He did surmount them, and the campaign of Italy will ever be remembered as one of the brightest and most brilliant which the pages of history record.

Remember what Seneca says:—"Though it may be hard digging for pure waters at first, yet when we have approached them, they will rise up and meet us." W.

HEAVY FEES AND A HARD BARGAIN. The Westfield News cites a case of exorbitant fees paid for collecting a debt. Miss. Mexico owed Uncle Sam *two millions* of dollars, and was so poor she couldn't pay it. Uncle Sam declared he would collect it, and the old fellow has already paid out *seventy-four millions* of dollars, according to his own statement, and is no nearer getting it than he was before he began. It is probable that he will spend $100,000,000, or five hundred per cent on the debt. Isn't he a "gooney?"

RIOT IN OLD MIDDLEBURY. We understand by the Taunton Whig, that a party of young men demolished a school house in Middlebury, Mass., not long since, on account of a quarrel in regard to moving it to another place.

People used to behave better in that worthy and venerable town, in old times. If the young men had been taught better principles in that same school house, they never would have demolished it in such a riotous manner.

A QUEER SHAPED CRAFT. Alexander's Messenger says that the schooner Oak arrived at Philadelphia, from Wilmington, Del. She is two hundred tons burthen, and is as square as a brick, is handsomely rigged, heavily sparred, with a full suit of Maule's patent horizontal sails, and is intended for the canal trade between that city, Baltimore and New York.

HOW THEY DO COME! From a report made to Congress, we see that the number of emigrants that have come into the United States from foreign countries during 1846, amounts to (158,648) *one hundred and fifty-eight thousand, six hundred and forty-eight.*

A STRANGE SEASON. The Hartford Weekly Times, says, on what authority we know not, that at Wilmington, N. C., the Peach trees were in bloom on the 8th of January, and all the evidences of Spring displayed in that neighborhood. The Hartford Courier says:—"One of our citizens, in going into his garden yesterday, was surprised to find violets in bloom. Till within a few days, the plants had been covered up with snow, and had not, probably, been frozen.

DEATH VS. IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE. The "Cleveland Plain Dealer," states on the authority of the Vermont Times, that Robert Rowland, who was recently convicted of the murder of his brother in law, and sentenced to be hung, but whose sentence was commuted by Gov. Bartlett, to solitary imprisonment for life, refuses to accept the commutation of his sentence, and declares that he will be hung.

DRUNKARDS' HOSPITAL. There is a proposition, we understand, before the Legislature of Massachusetts to establish an asylum where inebriates may be placed, and, if possible, cured. We like this. One great step towards reformation is to be placed out of the reach of the liquor until the terrible thirst abates. This thirst is a diseased action brought on by indulgence in fire-water, and should be treated in part as a disease.

MUSHROOMS—BEWARE! Accounts of persons being poisoned in consequence of eating toad stools instead of mushrooms, are quite frequent. Not long since, says an exchange paper, three persons in Dutchess Co., N. Y., were poisoned in this way. They were all dead in a few hours.

NEW DEFINITION OF GOING TO LAW. The Chinese call going to law, *"winning a cat to lose a cow."* We know of some who have lost both, cat and cow too, by dabbling in law.

INTEMPERANCE IN HIGH AND LOW PLACES. The Rev. Sydney Smith sarcastically observes, that "Noblemen, and Members of Parliament, have large cellars full of sealed bottles, to enable them the better to endure the wretchedness of life. The poor man seeks the same end by expending three half pence in gin; but no moralist can endure the idea of gin." While Intemperance is deemed especially reprehensible in the poor, the most flagitious delinquencies, and the most disgusting moral turpitude is deemed venial in the rich. W.

CORNED BEEF. A box labelled "Corned Beef," at the Old Colony Rail Road Depot, in Boston, was found to contain under the beef, sundry jugs of the "old adversary," Alcohol. The probability is, that there would be more corned beef in the country if the critter hadn't been taken care of.

A RIOTOUS FLARE-UP. They have been having a riot among the workmen on the Providence and Worcester railroad which is now building. The workmen struck for higher wages. The citizens of Providence and the military turned out promptly and arrested most of the leaders.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT NEWPORT. We learn from our correspondent at Newport, that the extensive Tannery, at Newport village owned by Mark Fisher Esq., was consumed by fire on Friday night, 12th inst. together with the large "Newport Store" occupied by H. L. Duncklee, and also a chair factory. The tannery was in two large buildings and was furnished with all desirable machinery to make it a first class establishment, probably one of the best in the State. Several thousand cords of bark, and between seven and eight thousand sides of light leather were consumed.

There was no insurance on the Tannery, and only a partial insurance on the leather.

The goods in Mr. Duncklee's store were mostly removed, the loss being from $500 to $800. No insurance.

The fire originated in a Chair Factory near the Tannery, and was undoubtedly caused by the gross carelessness of the workmen.

Several other buildings were greatly exposed, but were saved by the vigorous exertions of the citizens.

We understand that there has been an insurance upon the Tannery until recently, and which was discontinued on account of the unwillingness of Insurance Companies to take the risk. The probable loss is from $15,000 to $20,000. [Bangor Whig.

CAPE COTTAGE, on Cape Elizabeth, a famous watering place for the inhabitants of Portland and vicinity, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning, with all the furniture of the house. The stables and bowling alleys were saved. The house was vacant. The Portland Advertiser states that nothing is known of the origin of the fire. The building cost, originally, $6000. Last year something more than $3000 was laid out upon it, and at the same time it was entirely furnished anew. The buildings were insured by the Rockingham Mutual Company for $2000, and by the Portsmouth Company for $2000. On the furniture $1500 at the Hartford Protection office, and $700 by the Rockingham Company.

THE THREE MILLION BILL.

The following is the Three Million Bill in the form of a law. It consists as the reader will perceive, of but one sentence.

The money is to be paid on the ratification of the treaty by Mexico, without waiting for ratification by our Senate.

An Act appropriating three millions of dollars to enable the President to conclude a treaty of peace and limits with Mexico.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whereas a state of war now exists between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, which it is desirable should be speedily terminated upon terms just and honorable to both nations; and whereas assurances have heretofore been given to the government of Mexico that it was the desire of the President to settle all questions between the two countries on the most liberal and satisfactory terms according to the rights of each and the mutual interests and security of the two countries; and whereas the President may be able to conclude a treaty of peace with the Republic of Mexico prior to the next session of Congress, if means for that object are placed at his disposal; and whereas, in the adjustment of so many complicated questions as now exist between the two countries, it may possibly happen that an expenditure of money will be called for by the stipulations of any treaty which may be entered into; therefore the sum of three millions of dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to enable the President to conclude a treaty of peace, limits, and boundaries with the Republic of Mexico, to be used by him in the event that said treaty, when signed by the authorised agents of the two Governments, and duly ratified by Mexico, shall call for the expenditure of the same, or any part thereof; full and accurate accounts for which expenditure shall be by him transmitted to Congress at as early a day as possible. Approved March 3, 1847.

We understand that three hundred dollars have been raised in the town of Vassalboro' in aid of the starving people of Ireland. Well done!

Our Hallowell neighbors have contributed four hundred and twenty dollars for this object, and the money transmitted. [Banner.

Augusta has raised $1275 for Ireland.

[From the Belfast Signal.]

COMMON SCHOOLS.—NO. IV.

School Agents.

My last number was devoted to the consideration of the duties of school agents in the employment of teachers. In connection with the same subject, I must not omit to make mention of another frequent cause of complaint, and fruitful source of trouble. I refer to the inexcusable delay, of which agents are sometimes guilty, in employing teachers. The performance of this duty is often deferred until the time for the commencement of the school has nearly arrived, when the most competent and best qualified are already employed, or, for lack of such employment have turned their attention to some other calling; and when none are left but those of an inferior order. From these a selection must be made, or the school-house remain closed:—and better, far better would it be for all interested, that it should remain closed, than opened for the induction of an incompetent teacher. A consequence of this delay is that the School Committee, in view of the emergency, are often induced to give their certificate to the candidate proposed to be employed, when in truth it should be, and under any other circumstance would be withheld. The selection thus made—if selection it can be called—may, by possibility, be a fortunate one; but the chances are altogether the other way. Now what is the manifest duty of the agent in this matter? Is it not to exercise the same precaution, forethought, and prudence, in the management of the affairs of the district, as he does in the managment of his own private and personal affairs? The merchant does not defer hiring his master until his ship is loaded, manned, and ready to cast off;—the mechanic does not defer the purchase of his materials until the foundation is finished and prepared for the reception of the building;—nor the farmer the preparation of his seed until his fields are furrowed. The school agent has that entrusted to his keeping, which is of more value than ships, houses, or lands; and shall he not care for it, at least, as much?

The employment of a teacher should be, and with the faithful agent always is, his first official act. If the one last employed proved acceptable to parents and children, was duly qualified and competent, he makes haste to secure his services, and by so doing renders a most essential service to the school, as well as to the cause of popular education;—the children are gratified, and impatient to resume their studies, under the guidance of the teacher whom they have learned to love and respect; and the result is progress:—the teacher, encouraged by this manifestation of esteem and confidence, enters with renewed zeal upon the discharge of his duties; and thus, bound by a double tie to the children under his care, devotes the energies of his head and heart to their moral and intellectual improvement.

Next to having a poor teacher, I know of no greater calamity which can befall a school than the perpetual change of teachers; bringing with it, as it almost invariably does, a change of text books, school habits, discipline, and mode of instruction. It is too often made the winter's work of a teacher to criticise, dissect, and demolish the fabric erected by the one who preceded him; under such training, it would not be strange, if the minds of the children should present a confusion of ideas; equalled only by the confusion of hats, caps, and coats in the entry of the school-room. These evils the agent may in a good measure avoid, by adopting the course before suggested. But if the merits of the last teacher are not such as to recommend him for re-engagagement, it should be his first business to look around and secure, in season, the services of another:—and that other, not the one who will keep the school the longest period of time for the money which the district has to expend, but the one who will do his duty most faithfully and efficiently during the term for which he undertakes to teach. Cheap instruction is too often to both child and parent, what cheap seed is to the cultivator of the soil:—yielding a harvest, in obedience to an invariable law of nature, but such a harvest as no man cares to reap. But with this difference, the crop which is not worth gathering, may be left to wither and perish in the field, but the fruit springing from the seed sown in the head of the child *must* be gathered, although it be in bitterness and tears.

The existence of this evil and the injurious consequences resulting from it being conceded, the important inquiry arises, what, and where is the remedy? The remedy in the first instance, rests with the school agent, and is to be found in the faithful and conscientious discharge of his duty. If he has hitherto erred, through inadvertence or lack of proper consideration of the nature of his obligations and the consequences of his neglect in this particular, when once apprized of it, he will make amends, so far as in his power, by increased diligence and faithfulness in the future. His regret for the past, will be manifested in words as well as works, he will become a teacher to others, who, without his timely word of caution or instruction, might fall into the same error. But the voice of conscience and of duty sometimes fall upon deaf ears. Then is the remedy, in the last resort, with the district. Let the voice of every man, woman and child within its limits be heard—for in this matter each and all have an interest and the right to be heard—not in the feeble tone of murmuring and complaint, but in the bold, decided language of reproof and condemnation. Let the unfaithful agent know, and feel that he is the object of the indignation which he deserves. If this appeal fails in arousing him to the faithful discharge of his duty, let the qualified voters in the district not fail to do theirs; let his successor in office be a better man. W. G. C.

THE LICENSE LAW DECISION. Six of the nine Judges, it appears were upon the Bench, when the important opinion on the license cases was given, namely, Judges Taney, McLean, Wayne, Nelson, Woodbury and Grier.

The decision, in substance, is—that the States have a right to regulate the trade in, and the licensing of, the sale of ardent spirits. And thus the law of New Hampshire, which controls the power over licenses generally, and the law of Massachusetts, which forbids the sale of any smaller quantity of liquor than twenty-eight gallons, and the law of Rhode Island, limiting the sale to ten gallons, are all affirmed by the Court.

The opponents and violators of our license law are now left without legal or moral excuse. Our free and liberal institutions have afforded them the fullest opportunity to justify themselves, if possible, in a legal point of view, for pursuing a traffic which the moral sense of every civilized community has unequivocally condemned. Their case has been argued by the ablest counsel in the land, and this decision of our highest judicial tribunal will happily put the question forever at rest. [Traveller.

FAMINE AND FREIGHTS IN 1801. In the year 1801, the ship Manhattan, belonging to Frederick Rhinelander, was put up for freight to Liverpool. Jonathan Ogden put on board 400 boxes of Havana sugar at two guineas freight per box, and Daniel Ludlow six thousand bbls. of flour at one guinea, or 21s. freight per bbl. William Pitt was then Prime Minister of England, and a famine raged in that country. The Prime Minister issued an order engaging to pay £4 10s or $21 per barrel for every barrel of American flour which should be brought to England, with full liberty to the importer to get a higher mercantile price if possible. The bakers of England were prohibited from selling bread on the day it was baked, because stale bread was thought more nutritious than new. At that time the entire British army, and gentlemen generally, wore their hair in cues or clubs, and highly powdered. The Duke of Bedford, who was considered the richest subject in England, set the example of cutting off his hair to save the flour wasted in powder, and the example was followed by general orders through the whole army. This we get from the "oldest inhabitant," and it shows that there is nothing new under the sun. [N. Y. Jour. of Com.

The people of Vermont have been voting upon the License question, and have decided not to license, by five or six thousand majority.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

We have accounts from Tampico to the 20th ult. by way of New Orleans, which furnish some interesting intelligence.

Gen. Scott arrived at Tampico on the 19th ult. He was received with salutes fired from the land and from the U. S. schooner Nonata. Tampico was alive with excitement.—The Mexicans had the utmost curiosity to see the "great general" of whom they had heard so much. He immediately issued orders announcing several staff appointments, and declaring martial law to exist in every post in Mexico occupied by American troops.

A mail carrier from Vera Cruz arrived at Tampico on the 18th, bringing letters, which said that the commander of the Mexican forces at Vera Cruz had received positive orders from Santa Anna to withdraw all the forces from that city and to march them into the interior, and it was supposed by all now that Vera Cruz will be occupied by our troops without a blow being struck.

It may be Santa Anna has ordered the evacuation of the city, with the view of bringing on the main body of his army and besieging it, and by shutting up our troops, force them to surrender.

Other accounts state that it was believed that Santa Anna's display toward Saltillo was merely intended to mask his real movement towards Vera Cruz, and that he has actually marched toward that point. One account had been received that he did contemplate an attack at one time on Saltillo, but was deterred from the attempt by the difficulty of procuring water on the route.

Gen. Twiggs was to go from Tampico on the 20th to the mouth of the river with a portion of his division, and the balance of the regulars (leaving enough artillery only to take charge of our defence) would go forward as soon as transportation can be procured.

A letter from Tampico, declares that Gen. Urrea had received positive orders to move against Matamoras and the Brazos.

A letter written at San Luis Potosi on the 9th inst., by a Mexican officer to his friend in Tampico states, that Santa Anna was to march upon Saltillo preparatory to attacking Monterey; that Urrea, with some 5000 troops at Victoria, was to attack Matamoras. The writer indulges in the most sanguine expressions. He says "the Yankees will see a strong blow struck against them, and be made to pay dearly for what they have done." "We shall give the Yankees some hot work in the North while they are marching on Vera Cruz," is the confident language of the writer of this letter, who is none other than the private secretary of Santa Anna. There are now at Lobos Island, one Pennsylvania regiment, the South Carolina Palmetto regiment, part of the New York regiment, the whole of the Louisiana regiment, with the exception of that part which was wrecked and is now in Tampico under Col. DeRussy: also, 400 of the 5th regiment U. S. infantry. In addition to the ships at anchor at Lobos, the U. S. sloop of war St. Mary's is also there.

Gen. Taylor, at last accounts received at Brazos, was busy, making water tanks, and collecting a large train of wagons and pack mules.

LATER. We have intelligence, via Havana, from the Capital of Mexico, to the 5th ult., three days later than previous advices.

The Church had effectually resisted the seizure of its property, and Santa Anna, convinced of the unpopularity of the confiscation act, had written to the Congress, urging its modification or repeal. A bill was thereupon submitted, repealing the obnoxious law, and authorizing the government to receive from the clergy a loan of $450,000 per month, which, it was understood, they would consent to advance till peace was secured.

Santa Anna had seized 98 bars of silver belonging to San Luis merchants, for which he had given his personal guaranty. The country around had been subjected to a requisition for supplies, without prospect of remuneration.

Santa Anna had forwarded a desponding letter to the Government. He replies to the charge of apathy made against him, paints the horrible destitution of his forces, reiterates his and their protestations of valor and patriotism, and declares his readiness to retire into private life, or to go again into foreign exile, if Congress think best. If they wish him to remain at the head of the army, they know his firm resolution, which is to meet the enemy and to win imperishable glory for his country by death or victory.

He adds that he is about to meet the enemy. The capture of the American detachments had roused some enthusiasm. The letter was dated 26th of January. Active preparations for defence were making at Vera Cruz as late as the 7th. The national bridge and point Chiquibuite are receiving formidable additions to their strength. An act passed the state legislature conferring all necessary power upon the governor in fortifying the city. We remark, however, that the rumored evacuation of Vera Cruz, announced at Tampico, may have been founded upon orders issued since the 7th ult. Gen. Rejon, the new Secretary of Foreign Affairs, is favorably spoken of. He is to be the principal manager of negociations with the United States.

There were at Anton Lizardo one U. S. frigate, 3 brigs, 2 small steamers, 5 pilot boats, one steam frigate and one trading brig. At Isle Verde, one U. S. corvette, which on the 7th got under way and stood southward. At Sacrificios, 2 French frigates, one English and 2 French brigs. The Spanish brig Seraphine, at Havana, ran the blockade at Vera Cruz both in and out, being accompanied out by two other vessels, which also escaped from the U. S. squadron. The blockade is violated daily. The English schooner Lee arrived at Havana Feb. 27, six days from Belize, Honduras, with $21,000 in specie. News of the loss of the British mail steamer Tweed had reached Havana. We have a rumor from Havana that Santa Anna, during hostilities, was to be declared *"Protector of Mexican Liberty,"* with full powers to bring the war to a speedy termination—but it is only a rumor.

BATTLE OF BRACITO. The St. Louis papers of the 26th ult. contain the particulars of the Battle of Bracito, or El Passo, which took place on Christmas day, between Col. Doniphan's command (600 men) and a body of Mexicans (1100 in number, lancers, cavalry and infantry.) Col. D. was on his way to join Gen. Wool at Chihauhau. The following account of this first battle of the army of the West, is given in a letter from Lieut. Kribben, of the Mo. Light Artillery:

"Previous to the encounter, a Lieut. from the Mexican ranks, came up, waiving a black flag, halting within 100 of our line. Our interpreter rode out to meet him. He demanded that our commander should come into their camp and speak to their Gen. The reply was, "If your commander wants to see ours, let him come here." "We shall break your ranks and take him there," the Mexican retorted. "Come and take him," said our interpreter. "A curse on you, prepare for a charge," cried the Mexican, "we give no quarters, and we ask none." He then galloped back. Their charge was made by the dragoons upon our left flank, their infantry at the same time attacking our right.

After their fire was spent, our line poured a few vollies into them, which made such havoc that they wheeled to the left and retreated, attacking our provision train in their flight. Here they met a warm reception, and were soon compelled to fly in all directions. Taking advantage of the panic, Lieut. Wright charged upon them and took their cannon. The enemy fled, leaving arms, baggage, provisions, &c. on the field.

A small body of mounted men, under Capt. Reid, charged upon the enemy and pursued them into the mountains.

The enemy had at least 30 killed. We lost not a single man, and had but 7 slightly wounded. We took 8 prisoners, 6 of whom died.

Col. Doniphan is said to have taken possession of El Passo on the 28th of December, without resistance.

John Randolph Clay has been appointed and confirmed as charge d'affairs at Peru, *vice* Albert G. Jewett, of Maine, recalled.

THE ATTACK ON VERA CRUZ. The following is an extract from a letter of a correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer. The writer alleges the information is derived from Gen. Scott's own lips:

Point Isabel, Feb. 14, 1847.

The General (Scott) is waiting most anxiously for transports and ordinance stores from N. Orleans, to move at once down to the Gulf Coast. General Worth with 2,000 regulars is also here, and the movement to take place is as follows:

As soon as the transports get here, and they are hourly expected, the troops are to embark for Tampico; they will be joined by Generals Patterson, Twiggs, Shields, and Pillow with about 5,000 more; all will then sail for the *Island of Lobos*, 60 miles south of Tampico, where they will find a part of the volunteers lately called out. The whole force will then number about 12,000, perhaps 13,000, and there the General will organize the command, and then sail for *Antonio Lizardo*, where he will find our *fleet*. It will escort him to the *Island of Sacrificios*, about five miles from *Vera Cruz*, and about three and a half miles from the main land. He will disembark the army at this island: and under cover of the navy, will land the troops, or rather transport them in surf boats to the main shore. Here he expects to meet Santa Anna with all the troops he can muster, say 30,000 or 40,000; and with the well-appointed, but small number of 13,000 men, he means to *whip* the 40,000 Mexicans!—then capture the city of Vera Cruz,—the Navy, of course, co-operating in the attack upon the Castle.

THE APPREHENDED ATTACK ON SALTILLO. Extract from a letter of a correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce:

Camp Palo Alto, Texas, Feb. 14, 1847.

I embrace the earliest moment to communicate the following extract from a letter just now received, containing information which we regard as authentic. This letter is dated, MONTEREY, Jan. 31, 1847.

"Gen. Wool writes Gen Taylor, that a force of from ten to thirteen thousand of the enemy is advancing on him, and urges in the strongest terms, the presence of Gen. T. at Saltillo. Old Rough and Ready has accordingly gone up with May's Squadron, Bragg's and Thomas's Batteries, and Col. Davis's Mississippi Regiment. He says he will not allow them to stay in that neighborhood, and it is his intention to give them battle immediately on his arrival, if they can be found."

There is much reason to believe that the Mexicans will carry on a guerrilla warfare to the extent of their power

LATER FROM SOUTH AMERICA. By a recent arrival at New York, advices have been received from Buenos Ayres to the 12th of Dec. These indicate that South America is not yet in the enjoyment of peace and quietness. Buenos Aryes still remained under blockade, and had been so for 440 days. The mission of Messrs Graham and Bent, with an offer of mediation, on the part of the U. S., between Paraguay and Buenos Ayres, is reported to have been unsuccessful; and its failure is ascribed to Brazilian influence. The government of Paraguay, however, had agreed to a suspension of hostilities with the Argentine Republics; though still insisting on its claim to independence and the navigation of the Parana.

The Government of Montevido had been obliged to compound with the pirate Garibaldi, who had been cruising under its authority, for giving up the prizes taken by him. Rivera is said to be carrying on the bucaneering system largely, on his own account.

The republic of Uruguay had abolished slavery within its limits. All persons held in slavery being declared free, and their owners entitled to a just compensation from the national treasury.

The Government paper announces that an attempt had been made to poison Governor Rosas.

President Oribe was about to take the field. [Traveller.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ADIPOCERE. By the courtesy of Mr. Frederick Friend, No. 48 Ludlow street, the editors of the "True Sun" have had an opportunity of examining what say they (and many others much better versed in such matters,) do not hesitate to pronounce the most extraordinary case of adipoceration, (or conversion of the dead into a solid, uncorrupted substance) on record. It was the case of the late Mrs. Friend, who was about the middle of February last disinterred at the old burying ground, at the corner of Broadway and Twelfth sts. Mrs. Friend, it seems, died in February, 1830, very suddenly, having retired to rest almost in her usual health, and was lifeless before 3 o'clock the next morning. She was a hale, hearty old lady, 68 years of age, almost unacquainted with disease. It becoming necessary to remove the bodies of those buried in the ground described, the coffin of Mrs. F. was taken up with the rest, and was found to exhibit no indication whatever of decay; being as solid as when first placed in the earth. The lid being accidently displaced, an astonishing spectacle is described as having presented itself. The face and neck of Mrs. Friend exhibited all the fullness which it possessed in life, and, indeed, the cheeks were somewhat larger, and with the exception of the absence of the eyes, there was not the slightest appearance of decay.

The surface, however, was covered with a thick, filmy white mould, and upon removing it, the skin presented the fairest, purest surface ever seen on alabaster! The flesh was as solid and hard as the purest sperm, and as perfectly free from disagreeable odor! On further examination, the whole person was found to be in the same wonderful state of preservation; body and limbs presented the same hard, undecayed appearance. Of 200 dead bodies interred in the burial ground, this is the ouly one that has not returned to dust. The cap on her head, and the ribbons, had preserved their form and color. We are told further, that a few days after the disinterment, the relatives of the deceased made preparations to bury the body again, at Harlem. But, fearing that there might be danger of its removal for scientific or other purposes, they had it taken up and conveyed back to the house, and with the original coffin enclosed in a mahogany case with a lid entirely of glass, there it now lies the subject of great interest to numbers who visit it daily.

This is, certainly, one of the most striking cases in the phenomenon called "Adipocean," we have ever heard of. [N. Y. True Sun.

THE MOST SEVERE CASE ON RECORD. A traveler journeying through Texas on foot, came to a creek which was swollen by the rains and running like a "mill-tail," as the saying is. A floating log made fast by a grape vine to either bank, was the only thing in the shape of a bridge he could discover, and the swift current was running on either side of this. Two hours' hard labor, in bringing sticks and brush, served to form a frail raft by which he could reach one end of the log, which sunk and tottled as he placd his foot upon it. The traveler however, after rolling off twice into the water, was finally enabled to "coon" himself to the other end of the log on all fours; but new difficulties now beset him, for he was still not across, and a raging current was between him and the bank. A violent leap and plunge, however, enabled him to reach and seize the grape vine, and with the aid of this, and much scrambling, splashing and floundering, he finally found himself on dry land on the opposite side, completely exhausted by his forenoon's work. He shook the water from his ears, spouted the water from his mouth, and while resting himself after his exertions, noticed a slip of paper stuck upon a stake close by. Upon examining the paper he found written upon it, in a round bold hand, the following emphatic warning:—

"One dollar fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk!"

DROWNED. A son of Col. I. N. Tucker was drowned in the Cobbossee stream, near the Woollen Factory, on Monday, 8th inst. Having fallen into the water, he was carried by the current under the ice, and before rescued, life was extinct. [Fountain.

LIVES OF CALHOUN AND WEBSTER. A notice of the great statesman of the south is naturally followed by one of the illustrious New Englander who sits opposite to him in the Senate, and who from their first entrance into Congress has been his most powerful and most constant antagonist. Daniel Webster and John Caldwell Calhoun were born in the same year. One is the son of a respectable northern farmer, who emigrated into New Hampshire when it was a wilderness, and served as an officer in the old French war and the Revolution; and the other of a southern planter, of similar circumstances, who was a pioneer in the forests of Carolina, and, with the same rank, fought the cherokees and the British. The fathers of both, after distinguishing themselves in the field, were called to honorable civil stations, but they continued to be cultivators of the soil, and their sons, after partially acquiring their education, decided to follow their inherited occupations, and passed some three years in the quiet pursuits of agriculture. What changed the purpose of Webster is unknown, but Calhoun was led to study his profession by the just appreciation of an elder brother. When Christopher Gore presented his pupil, young Daniel Webster, for admission to the bar of Boston, he ventured a prediction of his future eminence, which all his present fame has not more than fulfilled; and Doctor Dwight, about the same time, at the close of a class examination at Yale College, foretold that his southern student, John Caldwell Calhoun, would one day be President of the United States. For a while, they lingered about the northern and southern horizons, and then simultaneously shot up into mid-heaven, with a steady, but different lustre, to fix the gaze, not of their admiring countrymen only, but of mankind. Whatever may now or hereafter be the estimation in which any man or men engaged in our political affairs may be held, Daniel Webster and John Caldwell Calhoun will continue to be regarded as the representatives of the genius and of the leading opinions in political philosophy, held by the northern and southern states of the confederacy in the first half of the nineteenth century.

[Griswold's Prose Writers.

THE LOST PLEIAD FOUND. The actions of poets are as unaccountable as the sources whence they derive their inspirations. Several years since, PERCIVAL, after having written some of the finest poems that ever emanated from this side of the water, and earned for himself a reputation few may attain, though many emulate, withdrew himself and his productions from the public gaze, and, until recently, even his most intimate friends scarce knew of his whereabout. The *Bridgton Chronicle* gives us at last, however, a clue to the mystery of the Poet's retreat, in the shape of a letter, which proves, that, although, like Kotzbue's *Stranger*—whom he appears to resemble, both in his seclusion and in the circumstances which gave rise to it—he denies himself to the world, he is still a dweller in the land to which he was once an ornament. At the point of a considerable eminence, just outside the city of New Haven, stands the Hospital—a noble looking and well constructed building, presenting, itself, a fine appearance from every quarter, and affording an extensive view of the surrounding country, from its observatory. Its accommodations are ample, beyond the necessities of the unfortunate, and some of its rooms are "to let." Here, in this Hospital, shut out from the world of men, in misanthropic solitude, lives the Poet PERCIVAL! It is said there are not half a dozen individuals in the city, with whom he will hold converse—and there is a story abroad, that a brother poet, Willis Gaylord Clark, attempted to pay him a fraternal visit, but after announcing his name, was compelled to give and receive communications through a dubious crack in the door. Percival seldom goes abroad, and when he does, we are told he may be distinguished by the abject

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, The Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

[Written for the Maine Farmer.]

WHOM CAN WE TRUST?

Not him who longs for gold,
Whose venal heart is sold
To ev'ry crime where lies a hope of gain.
Unmoved he hears the cry
Of want and misery,
And is of peace and happiness the bane.

Not him who thirsts for fame,
Who longs to place his name
Upon the page with heroes of the earth;
For he will fawn and smile,
Yet plot dark schemes the while
To ruin modest, unsuspecting worth.

Not him who dares to stain
His lips with oaths profane,
Rashly unmindful of the wrath Divine.
Not him who loves to stray
From virtue's path away,
To feast his sateless soul on lust and wine.

Not him who dares defy
The incensed Deity.
Not him who, filled with selfish wisdom, sneers
At Revelation's truth
As idle tales for youth,
Unworthy notice of maturer years.

Not him who drives the poor
In anger from his door,
Yet feasts on all that heart desires below.
Not him who loads the gale
With many an orphan's wail,
And many a lonely widow's plaint of woe.

Not him who bends the knee
To fashion's gay decree,
And offers incense on her gaudy shrine.
Not him who calls thee friend,
But will not to thee lend
A helping hand when sorrows round thee twine.

Him only canst thou trust
Whose swerveless soul is just;
Who loves the *truth*, and all its worth can prize.
Who walks in virtue's path,
Who dreads Almighty wrath,
And seeks a better home beyond the skies.

New Sharon. W. A. B.

COURTSHIP OF DOMBEY AND NEPHEW.

[CONCLUDED FROM THE FOURTH PAGE.]

When the letter was finished, and sealed and directed, the servant took it to Dolly who hastened home with it with the utmost commendable dispatch. It was not quite dark, and Dombey was out upon the watch to catch the first glimpse of her coming; and when he saw her hold the letter up to his view, he fairly ran several rods to meet her, a feat which he had not performed for several years. He snatched the letter with the most eager haste, glancing at the superscription, then pressing it to his lips, hastened into the house, opened it, and began to devour its contents. When he had read three or four lines, had passed "angel fingers," and got to "Paradise," his head began to swim; he grew faint, and sat down and asked Dolly for a glass of water. When he came to where she called him "your dear self," he again kissed the letter. But when he read about the "concealment like a worm in the bud," tears started to his eyes, he took out his pocket handkerchief, and it was some minutes before he could proceed.

Finally, when Mr. Dombey had completed the reading of the letter, he settled down tranquilly for a few moments, apparently in a state of almost perfect beatitude. When he began to rally, he called Dolly, and asked her if she saw the lady.

Dolly said "no, she went into the kitchen and waited for the letter, and only seed the gal."

"Well, I must see her before I sleep; there's nothing like attending to these things in the season of them," said Dombey, starting up and parading himself before a large mirror. "I say, Dolly, how do I look?"

"I don't think you look so pale, Mr. Dombey, as you did when you took the glass of water."

"Nonsense, I don't mean that. I mean how do I look? Suppose I was going to see the lady Henrietta, how do I look?"

"I think you look very nice, Mr. Dombey."

"How is it about my hair?"

"Well, it might be combed up a little before, and combed down a little behind," said Dolly, "and maybe it would look a little nicer."

"Well, see how well you can do it," said Dombey, taking his seat again.

Dolly combed back his hair upon his forehead, and smoothed down his long hair behind, and tied it round the middle with an extra wide and extra gay ribbon, and declared that nothing could look better.

"Is there much gray about it, Dolly?"

"Not a bit more than jest enough to look handsome, Mr. Dombey."

"Well, now go and bring from my drawer those wide, red satin knee ribbons," said Dombey.

Dolly ran and brought the ribbons, and helped to adjust them in their proper place and in a proper manner.

"Now, Dolly, take this key and go to my upper drawer, and bring me my two diamond rings and my emerald ring."

The rings were brought and placed upon the fingers of Mr. Dombey's plump, fat hand. Dombey now got up and surveyed himself again in the mirror. He turned himself round and round, and he looked over his right shoulder, and he looked over his left shoulder, and he took a front view and he took a side view, and he asked Dolly to look him all over, and see if there was anything more that he needed. Dolly stepped round him, and surveyed him on this side, and on that side, and all round, and at last she clapped her hands together, and exclaimed, "well, there, Mr. Dombey, you *are* a pretty man, I declare."

This honest ebullition of Dolly's admiration would have been promptly rewarded by a kiss from the gallant Dombey, had she not dodged him and escaped his grasp.

"Well, now, Dolly," said Dombey, when this little flurry had subsided, "there is one thing more I want you to do. I want you to go into the garden and bring me a beautiful rose bud, about half open, the handsomest one you can find."

Dolly obeyed the direction, and presently brought a large, fresh, half-blown rose. Having obtained another declaration from Dolly, that he was all right, and "looked like a picter," and having taken another full survey of himself in the glass, in order to confirm the declaration, Dombey took his cane and departed for the residence of Miss Henrietta Matilda Johnson, leaving word with Dolly, if Nicholas should chance to come in, to tell him he had gone out to attend to a little official business.

While Nicholas and Henrietta were discussing the probable effects of the letter upon uncle George and considering whether he would be likely to write the next day, or not till Monday, a loud rap was heard at the street door. In a moment it was opened by the servant, and Mr. Dombey the elder stepped into the hall. The girl was somewhat awed by his remarkable and august presence, and retreated before him as he advanced toward the centre of the hall with a resolute and firm step.

"Where is Miss Henrietta Matilda?" said Dombey, in a loud full voice.

"Good heavens! that's uncle George," said Nicholas, starting up with agitation; "what shall we do?"

"She's in the parlor, sir," said the girl.

"In this door?" said Dombey, raising his hand to the latch.

"Yes, sir, I'll, I'll speak to her," said the girl, stammering with fright.

"No, no," said Dombey, "I choose to take the dear angel by surprise."

Nicholas felt that he was in a most awkward dilemma. He glanced hastily round the room, but could see no chance to escape, and there was no time to deliberate. Henrietta pointed under the table, by the side of which they were sitting, and which was covered with a large cloth extending nearly to the floor. In a moment Nicholas availed himself of the only retreat which the room afforded, and in another moment the door opened, and Squire Dombey walked deliberately into the room bowing across the floor till he came close to Henrietta, when he fell upon his knees, raised his hands, placing the palms together and holding the rose in his fingers, and looked up into her face with an attitude and expression of mingled adoration, supplication, and self-love.

"My dearest lady," said he, "my adored Henrietta, George Dombey, Esq. is kneeling before you. I could not have rested this night, if I had not come to thank you for the flood of happiness which your sweet, exquisite letter of this evening has poured over me."

"Then you have seen the letter, have you sir?" said Henrietta, calmly.

"Seen it, read it, devoured it, suffocated with joy and happiness over it."

"If any letter of mine has given you pleasure, Squire Dombey, I'm sure I am rejoiced at it," said Henrietta, calmly.

"But, my dearest Henrietta Matilda," said Dombey, "don't be afraid of me, I'm but a man; do, I pray you, give vent to your feelings; let your whole heart come out."

"I don't know, Mr. Dombey, as I have any particular feelings to give vent to, at the present moment."

"But such glowing feelings," said Dombey, "as you expressed in your letter; they were all true, honest, genuine feelings, were they not?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dombey, but having been communicated to the proper object of them, I don't know why I should try to call them up for exhibition before any body else."

"Any body else!" said Dombey, staring wildly. "I wouldn't have you exhibit the tenderness of your feelings before any body else; but as we are here all alone, why shouldn't I receive from your sweet lips the same tender expressions you wrote with your sweet pen?"

"It is precisely because we *are* alone, Mr. Dombey, that it would seem to me improper. If your dear nephew was present himself, it might be very different."

"What, Nic Dombey? what has he to do with it? Why, I told the servant girl Dolly, this very night, that Nic shouldn't know a syllable of it till the whole business was completed."

"But that," said Henrietta "seems to be hardly a fair return for the confidence your nephew reposed in you by showing you my letter."

"Showing me your letter!" said Dombey, with excitement, and rising to his feet, "he never showed me your letter. You haven't been writing to Nic Dombey, have you?"

"Why, to be sure; haven't you just been telling me how much pleasure the letter gave you?"

"Yes, the letter to me, in answer to my letter," said Dombey, tenderly.

"But I haven't received any letter from you, nor written any answer to you," said Henrietta. "I received a very dear letter from your nephew, to which I returned an answer this evening."

"What, Nic Dombey been writing to you, the dog!" said Dombey, gritting his teeth.

"Why, Mr. Dombey," said Henrietta, "it is very strange you should ask such a question as that, when you witnessed the letter with your own name."

"I never did," said Dombey. "If my name has been used, it's a forgery; and the rascal shall go to prison for it if he is my nephew."

"But here's the letter now," said Henrietta, taking it from her pocket and opening it, "and here's your name signed as a witness. You don't deny it now, I hope."

Dombey started and looked puzzled.

"Why, that's my own letter; the very one I wrote to you; but I didn't know before that I witnessed it."

"You don't presume to say, Mr. Dombey, that you wrote this letter to me?"

"Most certainly," said Dombey, "who else should I write it to?"

"Well, I must say," said Henrietta, "that it exhibits more assurance, not to say impudence, than I ever before met with. Presuming it to be from your nephew, from whom such a letter would neither be unexpected or unwelcome, I answered it. But it is certainly unnecessary for me to say, that such a letter from you I never could receive."

Dombey staggered back and settled into a chair.

"Then you are not going to have me, are you?" said he with a look of despair.

"The question is unnecessary, sir," said Henrietta.

"Then this load of love," said Dombey, "that is burning in my bosom like Mount Etna, is all to be thrown away!"

"Perhaps I may do something towards bringing you relief," said Henrietta. "I have an old maiden aunt, of about fifty, who has been looking for a suitor these thirty years past. To be sure she is rather badly drawn up with the rheumatism, is blind of one eye, and her face is badly scarred. But then she has no objections to being married. Shall I send for her to come in?"

Dombey rose again to his feet with a gathering look of indignation.

"Well, I must say, Miss Henrietta Matilda," said Dombey with a decided look of bitterness, "that you are not the lady I took you to be. And I should like to know flat and plain, if there is any underhanded work going on between you and Nic. That boy has got to mind what he's about or I'll cut him off from my will."

"As to any underhanded work between us," said Henrietta, "I don't know as I am bound to make any explanation, but I assure you, Mr. Dombey, your nephew and I know what we are about."

"Well, if you have such a good understanding with Nic," said Dombey, "and my hopes are blasted forever, I have one last request which I beg you to grant, and that is, that you will never let Nic know a syllable about this affair of mine, for if he finds it out, he is such a bore, he will bore my life out of me."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, about that Mr. Dombey," said Henrietta, "so far from giving him any information on this matter, I shall not even let my right hand know what my left hand doeth." Just at this moment her left hand gave the hand of Nicholas a decided pinch.

Mr. Dombey walked very quietly out of the room with as little ceremony as he had entered it. He went home, and went to bed and slept like an elephant. The next day after church, he was out upon the platform with spy-glass in hand, surveying as eager as ever the ladies who were walking on the common below.

As Nicholas came along, he accosted him with, "well, uncle, do you discover the lady in white dress and green bodice yet?"

"What, the one I thought so much of a week ago?" said Dombey. "Poh, Nic, she's nothing; I gave her up long ago. I have my eyes on another now, that's worth a dozen of her; a great deal more beautiful, more splendid, more magnificent every way. A perfect goddess, Nic; 'pon honor, a perfect goddess!"

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE. Mr. B. a merchant of Providence, Rhode Island, and a man quite celebrated afterwards for his liberality and public spirit, was the owner of a most fortunate privateer which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion when she had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, &c., taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighborhood seeing the disaster, ran and filled her apron. Mr. B., from the loft of his store called out, "What are you doing there?" The poor woman looking up, answered, "Privateering, sir." The retort was so forcible, that the merchant immediately made her a present of the entire hogshead.

A HINT FROM REAL LIFE. "Your father would not have punished you, my child, if you had not used profane language, and swore."

"Well, father swears."

"I know he has been in the habit of it, but he will leave it off now."

"It's a pity he hadn't done that before he taught Bill and me to swear, and then we should have been saved a darn'd many lickings." [Bangor Whig.

"Ah! my good fellow, where have you been for a week back?"

"For a *weak back!* I'm not troubled with a weak back, I thank you."

"No, no, I mean where have you been so long back?"

"*Long back!* don't call me long back!"

DIALOGUE AT A SAILORS' RENDEZVOUS.

Says Jack to Tom, "let's go and ship
On board, the Mexicans to whip."
Says Tom, "but first I want to know
If 'tis to Vera Cruz we go;
They say the castle's very strong,
The fight will be both hard and long."
Says Jack, "that is, for glory's sake,
The *very cruise* I wish to take."
[Baltimore Patriot.

THE DOG OF RENAUDIN. A young student at Montpelier, named Renaudin having been run over by a little vagabond, who was riding his horse to a watering place, had his skull fractured, and died on the spot. His dog, which he had raised from his birth, threw himself in despair upon his body, howled piteously, and would not be separated from his master. But who could paint the grief of this sensible animal? When it saw the dead body of the unfortunate young man placed in the coffin, nothing could tear him from it, and he followed it to the cemetery. Lying himself upon the grave, he refused every species of nourishment for five days; at length, being discovered by some of the friends of the deceased, he was made to eat a little bread, dipped in milk, but never could be abandon the cherished spot of his affection; he remained there day and night wailing for his master.

With a view to relieve the inconsolable grief of this faithful animal, the young students built for him a little cabin, near his master's tomb; the affectionate creature remained there five whole years, with the same constancy of grief, and was never twenty paces distant from the spot.

A striking singularity in the conduct of this dog, after he confined himself to the graveyard, was, that he would not associate with any of his own species; he would neither run nor play with those who came to amuse him in his solitude; when they barked and tried to provoke him, he would retire in sadness to his secret cell.

He died, and was buried near the friend whose remains he had so faithfully guarded; but he is cited even now in the Canton as a model of friendship—his fidelity has passed into a proverb—and when they speak of that worldly friendship, so common, so universal among men, that depends upon interest, they say, "*as to such a one he never will be worth the Dog of Renaudin.*"—*History of Remarkable Dogs.*

SHIP-BUILDING. Having occasion last Saturday week to pass up and on our river from Merrymeeting bay, we were highly gratified to witness the extensive preparations for ship-building all along the shore. We never saw so many vessels on the stocks before, and most of them were of the largest class merchant ships. Ship-building on the Kennebec is an immense business. It requires a great amount of timber and plank, and gives employment to various trades and a great many men, from the axe-man in the forests, to the painter and varnisher in the cabins. Good ship-carpenters readily obtain one dollar and seventy-five cents per day and board, and ship timber is correspondingly high. [Banner.

By the new Post Office Law, two letters can no longer be sent in one envelope, at single postage, even if they both weigh less than half an ounce, unless they are addressed to the same individual. Money, or checks, however, may be so enclosed. Newspapers, circulars, &c. *not* sent from the office of publication, are to pay three cents postage, in advance, we believe. The franking privilege is restored fully to members of Congress, and to postmasters who receive less than $200 commission. [Journal.

THE BANGOR CHARTER ELECTION took place on Monday. Charles Hayward was elected Mayor, receiving 945 votes against 837 for Samuel Farrar, and 26 scattering.

Mr. H. was the candidate of what the Whig calls the "straight-ont temperance men." Mr. Farrar was nominated in opposition. No political nominations were made, and the contest seems to have been upon similar grounds with those of our town election. [Journal.

REGISTERS OF DEEDS. The People's Press gives full and official returns of the votes thrown at the late election in Somerset, from which it appears that Mr. Titcomb, the Whig candidate, is elected by 60 majority.

Jefferson Chamberlain (Democrat) is elected Register of Deeds for Penobscot County by almost 600 majority.

JUDGE OF PROBATE. The nomination of Hon. Wm. C. Allen, of Alfred, as Judge of Probate for this county has been confirmed by the Council, and he has been qualified to enter upon the duties of the office. [Saco Dem.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION. The returns published in the New Hampshire papers, embrace nearly the entire State. The Democrats claim the election of their candidate for Governor by about 1000 majority; two of the four members of Congress; three of the four Commissioners; seven of the twelve Senators; and a majority of twenty in the House.

DINNER TO SENATOR EVANS. We learn that some of the chief merchants of New-York entertained the Whig Senator from Maine at a semi public dinner at the Astor House, on Monday evening, as an expression of their admiration of his character, and their approval of his course in the Senate.

The bark Cora, Capt. Thatcher, from Philadelphia for Ireland, was fallen in with in longitude 65, with no spars standing, in a sinking condition—*both pumps choked with corn*, and six feet of water in the hold. The crew were taken off the wreck by ship Vermont, in a most wretched condition, and bro't safely to New York.

Among the secrets of the Order of Odd Fellows, we learn that the members of Sabattis Lodge of this town have contributed $226 for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland and Scotland. [Age.

FAST. We understand Governor Anderson has appointed Thursday, April 8th, to be observed as a day of Public Fasting and Prayer.

THE STEAMER TWEED. The loss of the British steamer Tweed is confirmed by further accounts received at New Orleans. There were about 75 persons on board, including 50 passengers. Sixty in all were drowned; but the accounts do not state whether the lost were passengers or the crew. She had 1170 flasks of quicksilver, and other merchandise. Vessels had gone from Campeachy to her assistance.

LOOK OUT, DANCERS. A prize tract against dancing is to be soon published, written by Rev. Austin Cary.

Six hundred and twelve steamboats have been built at Pittsburg in the last sixteen years—thirty-one the present year.

A bill has passed the Assembly of the Wisconsin Legislature, to substitute perpetual imprisonment for capital punishment in that State.

From statistical documents presented before Congress, it appears that the capital employed in the manufacture of paper in the United States is $18,000,000. The number of mills 700; the annual product $17,000,000; and the number of operatives employed 100,000.

FAT OXEN. Mr. Harry Lewis, of Monroe, exhibited in our village on Tuesday last, two as fine looking Oxen as we have seen for a long time. They were six years old, and one weighed 2000 lbs., the other 1800, making the aggregate weight of the two 3800 lbs.! Who can beat them? [Derby (Ct.) Journal.

BUSINESS LIKE. There were sixty-five steamboats and two steamships, all busily loading and unloading yesterday at our levee. This is a larger number than has been known to be thus employed at a time for many a day, and is a certain prognostication of active business. [N. O. Bee, 2d inst.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE. Windsor Division No. 60, was duly opened by D. G. W. P. John H. Hartford, assisted by members of Franklin and Oberlin Divisions, and the following officers were elected, and installed into their respective places, on the 10th.

Asa Heath, W. P.—Jeremiah Donnell, W. A.—Ambrose Bryant, R. S.—Henry B. Coombs, A. R. S.—Robert Thompson, F. S.—Thomas Hysom, T.—J. P. Linn, C.—Joshua K. Osgood, A. C.—Isaac Thompson, I. S.—Granville Goding, O. S.

MARKETS.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY HEDGE, HAMLEN AND COMPANY.

ASHES, per 100 lbs.		PROVISIONS.	
Pot,	4 @ 6	Pork, round hogs,	
BEANS,			7 @ 8
White,	1 00 @ 1 12	Clear salt do.	9 @ 10
Pea,	1 25 @ 1 50	Beef, os,	4 00 @ 4 50
FLOUR,	7 75 @ 8 00	do. cow,	3 00 @ 3 50
GRAIN,		Butter,	13 @ 15
Corn,	80 @ 87½	Lard,	9 @ 11
Oats,	38 @ 40	Cheese,	7 @ 9
Wheat,	1 25 @ 1 50	Mutton,	2 @ 3
Rye,	1 12 @ 1 25	Chickens,	7 @ 9
Barley,	40 @ 50	Geese,	4 @ 5
Peas, field,	75 @ 85	Eggs,	10 @ 12
HAY, loose,	7 00 @ 9 00	Apples, dried,	4 @ 4½
SEED,		do. cooking,	20 @ 25
Cloves,	8 @ 9	do. winter,	42 @ 50
Flax seed,	1 40 @ 1 60	Potatoes,	37 @ 55
H. Grass,	2 25 @ 2 38	MEAL,	
Red top,	50 @ 1 00	Indian,	80 @ 90
PLASTER PARIS,		Rye,	60 @ 1 25
Per ton,	0 00 @ 6 00	WOOL,	
LIME,		Fleece,	18 @ 22
Thomaston, new ins.		Pulled,	00 @ 25
	83 @ 92	Woolskins,	25 @ 60

BOSTON MARKET, March 13.

FLOUR.—As the stock of flour is unusually small the market is very firm, and prices have an upward tendency. Sales of Genesee, common brands, at $7,25 @ $7,31½; fancy brands, $7,50; Ohio round hoop, $7; Fredericksburg, $7; 1000 do. extra Eagle, for shipment to So. America, $7 per bbl.

GRAIN.—The receipts of corn have been large, and prices have given way. Several cargoes of Southern white sold at 87 @ 88c; yellow flat at 86c. Northern yellow round sells at the depot at 98c per bu. Oats are plenty and dull. Sales of Southern at 40 @ 42c; Delaware, 44 @ 45c; Northern, 47 @ 48c.

WOOL.—American full blood,
- " - - - 36 @ 38
- " - - - 30 @ 33
- ¼ - - - 30 @ 33
- ¼ - - - 27 @ 28

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb. - - 41 @ 43
Smyrna, washed, - - - 00 @ 00
unwashed, - - - 16 @ 14
Buenos Ayres, - - - 06 @ 15
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs' - 32 @ 35
- No. 1, Lambs' - - 27 @ 29
- No. 2, - - - 17 @ 18
- No. 3, - - - 09 @ 12

BRIGHTON MARKET, March 8.

At Market, 610 Beef Cattle and 000 Stores, 20 yokes of Working Oxen, 15 Cows and Calves, 1000 Sheep and Lambs, no Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra at $6,50; first quality, $6,25; second quality, $5,00 @ $5,75; third quality, $4,50 @ $5,25.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales made at $74, $78, $92.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales were noticed at $24, $27, and $34.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sales from $1,63, $2, 2,25, 3,12, 3,75 and 5,50 $6.

The Greatest Remedy of the Age.

DR. SWAYNE'S Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, *Established in 1835, by Act of Congress.* Another *important letter*—Still another life saved by the use of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4th, 1846.

DR. H. SWAYNE—Dear Sir, Being for a length of time afflicted with a very violent Cough, with pain in my side and breast, soreness of the lungs, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, night sweats, &c., I made trial of various remedies, which were recommended highly in the papers, but gradually grew worse. The violence of my cough was such, that the blood rushed profusely from my nostrils, when the paroxysm of coughing came upon me; indeed my whole system seemed prostrated, and the hour of my departure seemed near at hand. At this time you recommended the use of your *Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry*, which immediately began to soothe, comfort and allay the violence of my cough, relieved the pain in my side, strengthened and healed my lungs, &c. I continued to use it, but now, thanks to God and to the effect of your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, I am cured and able to pursue the business of life. I think it an invaluable medicine in Coughs, Colds, and diseases of the Lungs, and one that should be known to all afflicted. If persons would purchase the original and genuine article as prepared by you and not tamper with the many spurious and worthless preparations which are attempted to be palmed off on the reputation of yours, it might be the means of saving many valuable lives. I freely offer this statement for the benefit of those who are suffering as I was.

EZEKIEL THOMAS.

In Thirteenth st., two doors from the corner Willow.

Mr. Thomas' case above alluded to, was a very severe one, and his residence is within the reach of all; so any one can call and learn the above substantiated, by a personal interview.

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry. Of all the many compounds put forth for the cure of diseases which affect human nature, not one remedy could be named which has in so short a space of time acquired such unbounded confidence with the public, and has performed such miraculous cures; and has merited and received so many eulogiums from the faculty and others, as this justly celebrated remedy.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR COLDS. Many people are very apt to consider a cold but a trifling matter, and think that "it will go away of itself in a few days," and they give themselves no trouble about it. But to such we would say, "be careful of your colds," do not tamper with your constitutions. If you desire to live to a good "old age," use such remedies as will effect an easy and permanent cure. *Dr. Swayne's Compound Balsam of Wild Cherry* has cured more colds than any other medicine offered for sale in this country. The certificates of cures effected by this invaluable medicine, which the proprietor is daily receiving, are of the most gratifying character, and must show its sanative properties, and the high rank it holds in public estimation.

REMEMBER! All preparations of Wild Cherry are fictitious and counterfeit, except that prepared by

DR. SWAYNE.

N. W. corner of *Eighth* and *Race* Streets, Philadelphia.

Remember! the only agents in Augusta are COFREN & BLATCHFORD, No. 9 Bridge's Block, and J. E. LADD, corner of Water street and Market Square, of whom country storekeepers can obtain the medicine at Dr. Swayne's lowest prices. Also for sale by S. Page & Co., Hallowell; F. Glazier, Jr., Gardiner; J. Keep, Bath; Mrs. Kidder, 100 Court street, Boston. 31

While there is Life there is Hope!

In almost every town and village there are persons who say they owe their lives to the wonderful curative properties of Dewey's Elixir.

It is beyond all doubt the best article in use for Coughs, Colds, and all pulmonary diseases. The genuine article is for sale by J. E. LADD. 11

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In Vienna, Mr. Isaac Mason to Miss Hephzibah Coullard of Chesterville.

In Pittston, Mr. James L. Holland to Miss Anna Huntington, both of Hallowell.

In Chesterville, Mr. Samuel Balentine of Hallowell, to Miss Mary Atkinson.

In Richmond, Mr. Lewis W. Prince of Industry, to Miss Mary E. Umberhind.

In Bowdoin, Mr. David H. Curtis to Miss Rachael T. Merriam.

In Limerick, Dr. E.B. Bangs of Saco, to Miss Mary J. Brooks.

In Eastport, Mr. Joseph M. Livermore, to Miss Ellen J. Buckman.

In Brunswick, Mr. John C. Wing to Miss Lydia Small.

In New Vineyard, Mr. Joseph Knowlton of Farmington, aged 18 years, to Miss Sarah H. Pratt of New Vineyard, aged 15.

In Phillips, Mr. George B. Collins to Miss Fidelia Lovejoy of Salem.

In Bangor, Mr. Otis C. Cobb of Minot, to Miss Lucy W. Corson.

In Dover, Mr. William A. B. Cobb to Miss Nancy W. Palmer.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this town, March 11, Erastus Richards, aged 39. He was a member of Cushnoc Lodge, I. O. of O. F., and his remains were attended to the grave by the members of Cushnoc and Sabattis Lodges.

In this town, March 13th, Mary Caroline, daughter of J. P. Winslow, aged 4 years 8 mos.

In this town, L. Frederick, son of Joshua S. Turner, aged 4 years 5 months.

In this town, a child of John Jewett, aged 9 mos.

In Whitton, March 7th, Merchant Ruger, son of Wm. and Rosanna Foote, aged 3 years 10 mos.

In Durham, March 2d, Jane, wife of Capt. Mark Garcelon, aged 48.

In Windham, 10th inst., after a short illness, Hannah wife of John Hamilton, aged 73.

In Vassalboro, Richard Warren, a revolutionary soldier, aged 92 years 3 mos. He had 13 children, 84 grand children, and 61 great grand children.

In Vassalboro', Amos Childs, aged 83; a soldier of the revolution.

In Embden, Eliza, wife of Elijah G. Stevens, aged 35.

In Fayette, Philip Morse, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 91 years 9 mos.

In Milltown, Aaron Whitney, aged 74 years 6 mos.

In Vienna, Joseph Holland, a revolutionary pensioner; very suddenly, Hannah, his wife, aged 72.

In Topsham, Andrew Whitehouse, aged about 79.

In New Sharon, Mayo, wife of Charles Fellansbee, aged 30 years.

In Hallowell, Oliver Preble, aged 24.

In Pittston, Miss Mary Hunt, aged 101 years 7 mos.

In Livermore, Francis Lyford, aged 90 years 7 mos.

In Dixfield, Gen. Henry Farwell, aged 65.

In Wells, Samuel M. Jeffers, a revolutionary pensioner.

SPECIAL TOWN MEETING.

THE Inhabitants of the Town of Augusta, qualified to vote in Town Affairs, are hereby notified that a special meeting for the transaction of Town Business, will be held at the Town House, on Monday, the 22d day of March inst., at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The said inhabitants are reminded that their annual meeting stands adjourned to the same day at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and that much of the most important business of the meeting remains to be disposed of.

DANIEL PIKE, *Town Clerk.*

Augusta, March 15, 1847. 11

District Court—Middle District—Kennebec.

CLERK'S OFFICE, March 16, 1847.

CONSIDERING that the Governor and Council have appointed a Public Fast to be held on the eighth day of April, which day will happen in the middle of the first week appointed by law, for the holding of said Court.

And it has on former occasions of similar kind, been found of great inconvenience to jurors, parties and others, to have the Court convene under a necessity for an almost immediate adjournment.

For the convenience of all persons interested in the proceedings of said Court, it has therefore been

ORDERED, That the Court be adjourned directly from the forenoon of Tuesday the sixth day, to Monday the twelfth day of April. All Grand Jurors and Traverse Jurors and all parties and others concerned, will therefore be expected and required to give their attendance on said Monday the twelfth day of April, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, instead of Tuesday the sixth day.

By order of the Judge of said Court.

W. M. STRATTON, *Clerk.*

11

GERMAN TONIC BITTERS, for sale at a reduced price by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

RICHARDSON'S BITTERS, for sale by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB. 11

THE HORTICULTURIST,
And Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste,

Edited by A. J. Downing, Esq.

NO. IX, FOR MARCH, CONTAINS:—I. Hints on Planting Trees in Towns and Villages—II. American Vineyards—III. Notes on Propagating Trees and Shrubs by Cuttings of the Roots—IV. The Bizarre Orange—V. Notes on the Market Gardening of New Jersey.—VI. Apples in Vermont—VII. Cultivation of Roses—VIII. On Transplanting Large Trees—IX. Quince Stocks for Pears—X. Design for a Cottage Villa—XI. The Twenty Best Pears—XII. The Heathcot Pear and Cherry Plum—XIII. Description of some new or rare Hardy Shrubs—XIV. Hints on Pruning Apple Orchards—XV. Review of Colman's European Agricultural Tour—XVI. *Foreign Notices:* Sonce on the Potato Plant—Winter Gardens of Berlin; Japanese Taste in Aboriculture; Gardens of Turkey; Descriptions of new Plants, &c. &c.—XVII. *Domestic Notices:* Horticultural Notes; Letter from Mr. Longworth; Superb Collection of Camellias; Treatment of Orange Trees in Pots; History of the Tyson Pear; Culture of Grapes at the South; The Locust; Culture of Oxalis Bowii; Climbing Roses; Parlor Plants in Winter; Treatment of Carnations; Retrospective Criticisms; The Arbor Vitæ; Grapes in Vineries; The American Holly; Scarce Plants—XVIII. Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

ENGRAVINGS—Design for a Cottage Villa; Frontispiece —The Bizarre Orange—The Cherry Plum—The Heathcot Pear—Deutzia scabra—The Double Crimson Currant—Spiræa douglasii—The Two-winged Silver Bell.

Notices of the Press.

The Editor of this attractive journal has earned a wide renown by his elegant and most useful works on Landscape Gardening, Cottage Architecture, and Pomology. As an original and accomplished author in these attractive and popular pursuits, he has no rival since the death of the indefatigable Loudon; and his merits have been acknowledged by marks of high consideration from some of the crowned heads of the Old World.—*Silliman's Journal.*

This magazine is printed and illustrated in beautiful style, Albany. As to its character in other respects, it is sufficient to say that it is conducted by A. J. Downing, the most distinguished writer in the Union on all topics connected with horticulture.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

We strongly recommend this excellent and useful work to all who are attached to rural pursuits, either for amusement or for profit.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Every one at all ambitious of keeping up with the improvements of the day, in gardening, should subscribe for this Journal.—*New Orleans Com. Times.*

We have found much pleasure in assuring ourselves of just what we anticipated of the work in such hands, a *desideratum* for the *advancing* taste of the country in horticulture and rural architecture, to which the work is chiefly to be devoted. No person, perhaps, combines more harmoniously the scientific and the practical than the originator of this work.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The Publisher respectfully gives notice that THE HORTICULTURIST, devoted to the cause of useful and elegant rural improvement, is now thoroughly established by a large circulation. The articles that have already appeared from the able pen of the Editor, on fine new Fruits, Plants, and Horticulture generally, as well as on Cottage Architecture, Ornamental Gardening, etc., have given the work a very high character. The list of contributors includes the first horticulturists and practical cultivators in the country. The "Foreign Notices" present a monthly summary from all the leading gardening journals of Europe; and the numerous beautiful illustrations—designs for cottages, green-houses, etc; figures of new fruits, shrubs and plants, render this one of the cheapest and most invaluable works to country gentlemen, amateurs, and practical cultivators, published on either side of the Atlantic.

Price $3 a year in advance. The back numbers furnished to new subscribers.. Letters enclosing the subscription, to be addressed to LUTHER TUCKER,

11 *Publisher Hort, Albany, N. Y.*

MORTGAGEE'S NOTICE.

WHEREAS, DANIEL LOTHROP, Jr., then of Leeds, by his deed dated ninth day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, book 40, page 388, conveyed to me a certain tract of land in Leeds aforesaid, being a part of the north half of forty acre lot No. 22, and bounded as follows, viz.—Beginning on the north line of said lot No. 22, 92 rods easterly from the north-west corner of said lot, as run by Joseph Norris, Esq., on land in the possession of Sullivan Lothrop. Thence east-southeast 142 rods, to land of Zadock Bishop; thence south 14 deg. west, on said Bishop's land, 62 rods to the road as now trod. Thence by said road, west 42 rods, to land of Joseph Bishop. Thence the same course, on said Bishop's land, 165½ rods to a spruce tree, which is 20 rods south of the east corner. Thence north 6 deg. east, on ad. John Foster's land, 103 rods to land of Sullivan Lothrop. Thence on said Sullivan Lothrop's land, east 87 rods. Thence north 6 deg. east 9½ rods to the first mentioned bounds: containing 126 acres and 97 rods of land, more or less. Excepting, however, about 9 acres of the before described land, which I have heretofore conveyed to Zadok Bishop; and whereas the conditions of said Deed have been broken, I claim to foreclose, and hereby give notice accordingly, in compliance with the statute in such cases provided.

ELIJAH WOOD.

Winthrop, March 15, 1847. 11

PARIS GREEN, dry and ground in oil. Chrome Green; Imperial do; French do; and Verdigris; for sale low by 11 DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

VEGETABLE JAUNDICE ELIXIR, a valuable spring medicine, for removing Jaundice and Bilious complaints, for sale by the dozen or single bottle, by 11 DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

Foreclosure of Mortgage.

WHEREAS, FREDERICK C. KRANTZ, of Hallowell, by his mortgage deed dated July 26, A. D. 1840, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, book 121, page 401, conveyed to me a certain piece of land situated in Hallowell, being the same now occupied by Frederick C. Krantz, Jr., or said Frederick C. Krantz, and particularly described in said mortgage deed, reference to which is had. And whereas, the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, I claim to foreclose the same, and hereby give notice accordingly, in compliance with the statute in such cases made and provided. SILAS LEONARD.

February 17, 1847. 11

SMALL FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM FOR SALE in the town of Readfield, about eight miles from Augusta, on the county road leading from the Capitol to Farmington, containing about twenty-five acres of good land, well watered; a new barn well finished, 25 feet by 31, and house, 18 by 24, with a good well of water. Any one wishing to purchase will call on the subscriber near the premises. Terms liberal.

WILLIAM HOYT.

Readfield, March 1, 1847. 12w10

FARM FOR SALE,

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED on the West side of the Penobscot River, three miles below the city of Bangor, and two miles above Hampden village, containing 100 acres land, suitably divided into mowing, tillable, pasture, and about 40 acres young growth wood land.

On that part of the far

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

The Muse.

[From the People's London Journal.]

DAILY WORK.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime:
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheel of Time!
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! Let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task:
We have no quarrel with the great;
No feud with rank—
With mill, or bank—
Nor envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need;
And can retain,
For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
We know our worth, and weigh our powers;
The more we work, the more we win;
Success to Trade!
Success to Spade!
And to the Corn that's coming in!
And joy to him, who o'er his task,
Remembers toil is Nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks—
And never sinks
His independence as a man:

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health;
And leisure when his work is done,
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun.
Who tells us every man should toil
For fair reward, erect and free;
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be!

The Story-Teller.

[From the New-York Illustrated Magazine.]

COURTSHIP OF DOMBEY AND NEPHEW.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Dombey and Nephew were collateral ancestors of Dombey and Son, the fortunes and dealings of whose house are minutely recorded by the accurate historian, Boz. If you trace the line of the house of Dombey and Son back through three generations, you will find that Paul Dombey's grandfather had a brother George; and this George is the very collateral branch of the family with whom we are now called upon to have some dealings.

A few years before the American Revolution, the influence of the wealth and standing of the Dombeys at the Court of George the Third, procured for George Dombey, Esq., the appointment of clerk of one of his Majesty's courts at Boston, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, with a salary of five hundred pounds a year, besides certain fees and perquisites. Squire Dombey was not a little proud of his christian name, and always contended that his being a namesake of the king, in his opinion, was an important spoke in the wheel that rolled him into his fat and comfortable office; though one might be led to suppose, from the rotundity of his person, that he could roll almost anywhere without the aid of any wheel at all. His nephew, Nicholas Dombey, was rather a wild, hair-brained youth; not vicious, but giddy, gay, and frolicsome. It was the opinion of the family, that "Nic must by some means or other be separated from his London associates, or he would never come to anything good, and he might come to the gallows." After long and anxious consultations, therfore, it was agreed that he should accompany his uncle George to the wild shores of America, where it was thought possible the wild Indians, and the wild bears, and the untamed wild cats, might have a tendency to "sober him down," consolidate him, and make a man of him.

The Dombeys had heard it rumored that there was a respectable school at Cambridge, in the neighborhood of Boston, and it was stipulated that his uncle George should put Nicholas under the charge of good masters, and see that he was well trained to it, and put straight through a good education. Accordingly, when passage was taken for George Dombey, Esq., on board the packet for Boston, it was entered on the books, "with berths for two." But it will not do for us in this age of progress and improvement to think of following them across the Atlantic in the slow voyage of a packet-ship. The times have out-stripped all such snailpaced conveyances; even steamboats and rail cars are now left far behind. It behoves us, therefore, to take the magnetic telegraph line, which brings us, in the twinkling of an eye, to Beacon Hill, Boston. There, if you cast your eyes a little way down the southern slope of the hill, you may behold a respectable country seat, (for Beacon Hill, in those days, was a little out of town,) two stories high, painted red, and standing alone, like a sentinel in uniform, overlooking Boston Common. And there, too, with a little closer observation, you may behold a short, red-faced man, with a corporiety of most respectable magnitude, in a blue coat, faced with buff, embroidered waistcoat, and red velvet small clothes, pacing to and fro on the plank platform in front of the mansion, like a colonel in regimentals marching back and forth on the rampart of his fortifications.

Yea, friend, venture up a little nearer, and look again, and you may perceive that the likeness holds good a little farther; for the man with red face and red small clothes holds in his hand a long spy-glass, which he frequently points with most scrutinizing aim at sundry people walking on the common, much as the aforesaid colonel might reconnoitre the camp of an enemy.

It is a summer day, and Saturday afternoon, and while squire Dombey was thus promenading on the shady side of his house, and the good people on the common on the shady side of the trees, like Adam and Eve in the garden, enjoying the cool of the day, Nicholas Dombey, who, by the Magnetic Telegraph Line, had already jumped into his Senior year at Cambridge, was wending his way to Beacon Hill, to spend the Sabbath, as was his custom, with his uncle George.

"Halloo, uncle," said Nicholas, as he approached the platform, "you seem to be taking deadly aim at that young lady in white, with a green bodice: you must have some hostile designs upon her, I fear."

"Pon honor, Nic, the most magnificent creature my eyes ever beheld. She is, 'pon honor, Nic. Such a form, like a fairy; such a walk, like a June. Why, Nic, I've been looking at her this hour, and couldn't keep my eyes off of her. And I think she's attracted by my appearance too; I do, indeed, Nic; for I've sure I caught the splendid creature looking at me two or three times very earnestly, I did, 'pon honor, Nic."

"All fair, uncle," said Nicholas; "another conquest, I suppose. Conquest on both sides, as it, both hit, it seems. Pretty well, too, for such long shots. But, uncle, you have been geuing in love and making conquests ever since I can remember. You ought to leave the field to us young folks now. You are on the shady side of fifty, and your locks are growing somewhat silvery."

"None of your twitting upon facts, Nic," said Squire Dombey, with a forced laugh, and yet with a look that showed he was a little nettled at his nephew's railery. "Facts is hard things, Nic; no twitting on facts. Hair a little changed, of course, by sitting in the courts so many years. But that's no mark of age, Nic: I don't bear the marks of age any more than you do; and I havn't had a touch of the gout this six months. You know it was always my intention to get married just as soon as I could come across the right one."

"Yes, but I'm afraid," said Nicholas, "you'll never come across the right one, uncle; I guess your star was destined to shine always on single blessedness."

"Come, come, Nic," said the Squire, a little impatiently, "I won't hear any such prognostications. I shall be married yet; I'm determined to have a companion by my side in walking the downhill road of life; and who knows but this magnificent creature may be the happy one! I must find out where she lives—how shall I keep the track of her? Here, Dolly, come here," he called aloud at the kitchen window, "make haste and come here."

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," replied a voice from within, and presently a stout, good-natured Yankee girl came bouncing round the house, with her apron thrown over her head, and stepped on the platform.

"Here, this way, Dolly, come here," said Squire Dombey. "There, look down there to the lower end of the common; do you see that elegant lady dressed in white, with a green bodice?"

"You mean that one jest this side of the tree, hold of the stout gentleman's arm?" said Dolly, glancing her eyes rapidly about, as if determined at all events, to hit on the right object.

"Why, no, Dolly; don't be stupid now, just at the moment when you ought to be bright," said the Squire. "That lady has no green bodice, though she is dressed in white. You know what a green bodice is, Dolly; haven't you got eyes?"

"Lor, yes, Mr. Dombey, I always had the the name of having eyes ever since I was a little child."

"Well, then, look there," said he, pointing with his spy-glass, "do you see her now, that elegant lady walking alone, dressed in white, with a green bodice?"

"Oh, lor yes, that one." said Dolly, "why, I should seed her afore if I hadn't been lookin' at 'tother lady all the time."

"Well now," said Mr. Dombey, "do you put on your bonnet and run down upon the common, and watch that lady till she goes home, and see what house she goes into, and remember the house so you can find it again."

"What, go jest as I be, Mr. Dombey?" said Dolly; "lor me, why, I don't look fit to go down to the common where the ladies and gentlemens be without I put on a a gownd, and comb my hair and slick up a little."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Dombey; "what's the use of your slicking up? who's going to look at you? Put on you bonnet and run; dont stop for anything else."

Away flew Dolly into the house for her bonnet, where, in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. Dombey, she stopped to change her apron, and ran to the glass and smoothed down her hair, which brief delay seemed a long time to Mr. Dombey, for the lady appeared to be moving to the upper end of the common, and he was apprehensive she might escape before Dolly would get upon the track of her. He accordingly called out sharply again to Dolly, and told her to make haste, but take a circuitous route, so as not to be seen coming directly from the house.

"But mind," said Dombey, "and not get so near the lady as to attract her attention; only just be sure, and not lose sight of her till she gets home."

The girl ran off as she was bid, and was soon seen crossing the common. The lady in white with the green bodice was indeed about leaving the common, but Dombey watched them with his spy glass, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that Dolly was on the right scent, and within a dozen rods of the game before she passed out of the gate.

An hour passed away before Dolly's return. In the meantime Dombey continued to walk the platform with mingled feelings of pain and delight. At last, just as the red and blowzy sun was disappearing in the west, he beheld the red and blowzy face of Dolly rising over the hill from the east.

"You've been gone a long time, Dolly," said Dombey, as the girl came up to the platform, out of breath, and covered with perspiration.

"Long pull, sir, to go clear down to the North End," said Dolly.

"What street is it?" said Dombey.

"Clear down to Fleet street," said Dolly, giving a wipe with her apron around the whole circuit of her face.

"What sort of a house is it?" said Dombey; "is it a genteel place?—appear to live in style?"

"Oh, lor, yes," said Dolly, "elegant three story brick house, and everything around it as neat as a pin."

"Did you see her go in?"

"Yes, sir, seed her go right in with my own eyes."

"Appear to be at home?"

"Oh, lor, exactly. The door was fastened, and she smashed away with the knocker as if she'd a gone through it. And when the little girl come and opened the door, she boxed her ears so hard she e'en a'most knocked her down, and told her next time to step quicker."

"Some character there, Nic," said Dombey, turning to his nephew. "A woman of spirit undoubtedly. Grace and energy combined; that's the right sort of stuff to make a wife of. You'll know the house again?" he continued, turning to Dolly.

"Oh, yes, couldn't help it; three story brick house, brass knocker, two chimbleys, and a fence afore it."

"And she went in as though she was at home?" said Dombey.

"I never seed anybody more so," said Dolly.

"White dress?"

"Yes, beautiful white dress."

"Green bodice?"

"Oh, lor, now, Mr. Dombey, I'm a little afore my story," said Dolly, her red face growing still redder. "I forgot to tell ye, the lady with the green bodice, jest after we got off the common, dodged around some corner, or into some house or alley-way, somewhere another, and I lost sight of her and couldn't find her no where, and I thought I should have to give up the chase. But then I see another lady in a white dress, with a blue bodice, and I thought it wouldn't make much difference, and so I followed her clear away down to Fleet street, and watched her till she went in."

While this revelation was gradually unfolding to the mind of Dombey, his round, fat, smirky face assumed divers expressions and colors, indicative of anger, disappointment, and suppressed laughter, blended in all sorts of proportions. But Nicholas, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, burst out into a broad laugh; at which Dolly shot off like an arrow into the kitchen. As soon as Mr. Dombey had collected his thoughts sufficiently to speak, he called aloud, and in rather an angry tone, for Dolly. Dolly popped her head out of the kitchen window.

"I say, Dolly," vociferated Dombey, with a tremendous frown on his brow, "you go and put your head under a bushel, and don't let me see it again for a week."

"So this business is a flash in the pan, after all, uncle George," said Nicholas, still shaking his sides. "The bird has escaped the fowler's snare, and is likely to live yet.—The fates are against you, uncle. I told you it was time for you to leave the field to us young folks; it is time your sporting days were over."

Squire Dombey turned on his heel and walked off with a firm and determined step without saying a word. He felt vexed at his disappointment, and nettled at the railery of his nephew. He was determined, however, not to give up the object who had such sudden and forcible hold of his affections, without a further effort to discover her retreat; and he was equally determined to keep his own council, that his nephew might not have an opportunity to "poke fun at him" again in case of failure. Accordingly he was quite mum on these matters for sometime after.

The next morning at Church time, Squire Dombey was longer in getting ready than usual. Nicholas grew impatient and told him it was time to go, for the Old South bell had nearly done ringing. Mr. Dombey told him he had better go ahead, and not wait for him. Accordingly Nicholas started off and took his accustomed seat at the Old South.—The services commenced, and his uncle George did not come. The singing and prayers were through, and still the seat was vacant. Nicholas grew uneasy. Uncle George was always prompt at his seat in church; and when the minister got well into the sermon, Nicholas, fearful some accident had happened, left the church to go home and seek his uncle. On his arrival, Dolly informed him that his uncle had left the house in five minutes after he did. This only added to his wonderment and uneasiness.

Nicholas turned back to the Church. It was possible his uncle might have arrived after he came out. He peeped in at the door so far as to see the pew, but it was empty.—Not knowing which way to look, he proceeded down the street, almost unconscious which way he went, till he found himself rapidly approaching the north end of the town.—Whether he was directed by a sort of mesmeric influence toward the object of his search, does not satisfactorily appear, but the fact was, Squire Dombey was at that moment sitting in the Church at the North End, where the sound of the preacher's voice, falling like steady drops of water upon his ear, produced a kind of indistinct consciousness of hearing, but left no trace of ideas or knowledge behind. His eyes were performing regular circuits round the church, and his thoughts followed his eyes from pew to pew, and from bonnet to bonnet, with very scrutinizing inspection. If his object was to discover the lady with the white dress and green bodice, it may seem difficult to give a reason why he should be exploring a church at the north end of the town, for there was no evidence that the lady had even gone in that direction. But the truth was, the journey of Dolly the evening before had so mixed up in his mind the ideas of white dress and green bodice and blue bodice and north end, that he had come there, without any exercise of reason, by a sort of instinctive impulse.

When the congregation rose up to prayers, it brought Mr. Dombey to a consciousness of his whereabouts; but the lingering sound of the *amen* which still vibrated upon his ears, was the only evidence he retained that he had heard a sermon. When the services were over, Mr. Dombey wandered about through several streets, much like one who had lost his way, till at last Nicholas met him on Fleet street, where he was moving thoughtfully and slowly along, reconnoitering all the three story brick houses on both sides of the street. His face, which was already flushed with the walk and the excitement, changed to a deeper red as he suddenly and unexpectedly encountered his nephew.

"Halloo, uncle, did you get lost this morning?" said Nicholas, "I've been looking for you this hour."

"Why, I, 'pon my honor, Nic, I felt as if I, I wanted to take a longer walk this morning, so I thought I would go to church at the North End this morning; you know I havn't been to church at the North End for a long time. I like to go there once in awhile."

"All very right, uncle," said Nicholas, "only I think you have committed one oversight this morning."

"What's that, Nic?"

"You ought to have taken your spy-glass with you," said Nicholas.

Mr. Dombey's cane struck the pavement a little harder, and his foot came down with a little firmer tread, as he proceeded on with a quicker pace, but without making any reply. No further allusion was made to the subject that day, and the next morning Nicholas was off to Cambridge.

Squire Dombey was much occupied in court that week, but from some cause or other the records of the week contained an unusual number of erasures and interlineations, and many papers unaccountably got upon the wrong file, and were found in the wrong pigeon holes. These things did not fail to attract the notice of the whole court, more especially as Mr. Dombey had the reputation of being a very accurate and methodical clerk. It was observed also, that he was in more haste than usual, when the duties of the day were over, to return home, leaving a portion of his papers unfiled, to be arranged the next day. The reason of this restlessness to hasten his daily return to the refreshing air of Beacon Hill, might readily have been explained by Nicholas, had he been present, and even Dolly, before the week was out, came to understand the matter so well, that whenever she saw the Squire returning home, in the afternoon, she hastened out with the spy-glass and met him on the platform.

Whoever chanced to pass that way any afternoon of that week, might have seen the short fat man, with red face and red small clothes, parading the platform on the shady side of his house, and poking his spy-glass at every group of people, and especially every lady, who appeared on the common below.—Each day he returned to the task with renewed hope, and each night retired with disappointment. But when Saturday afternoon came round he seemed to be buoyed up almost by a prophetic spirit. He now began to believe that Saturday was the favorite day for the lady, who was the burthen of all his thoughts, to take her walk on the common.—She was there last Saturday; why shouldn't she be this? Last Saturday she was on the common by five o'clock; and it is now half past four. In the fervor and ecstasy of his excitement he called aloud for Dolly. The girl made her appearance.

"Here Dolly," said he, "I want you to go and put on your bonnet; I may want to send you on an errand by-and-by. You may put on a better dress, if you like, and trim yourself up a little."

He was determined, if the lady made her appearance, that Dolly should be promptly on the common in order to secure every advantage for a successful pursuit. Another matter which undoubtedly, but perhaps unconsciously, influenced him in his eagerness to hurry the girl away, was, that it was now about the hour when Nicholas might be expected to arrive from Cambridge, and somehow or other he felt a strong dread of his nephew's sarcasms.

Dolly had scarcely put herself in trim for a walk, when Mr. Dombey called again with great earnestness, "Dolly, Dolly, here, Dolly, come here, and be quick."

"Yes, sir," said Dolly coming out of the house, and tying her bonnet as she ran.

"Here, Dolly, look here; there she is, just coming on to the common. The same beautiful creature, magnificent creature, white dress and green bodice; don't you see her?"

"Oh, lor, yes, Mr. Dombey, I see her as plain as day," said Dolly.

"Well, now," said Mr. Dombey, "do you go on to the common, and do just as I told you before, and if you come back without finding where the lady goes to, so you can find the house again, I'll, I say Dolly, I'll shoot you. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Dolly, trembling at the earnest and vociferous outburst of Dombey.

"Well, then, see that you do it," said Dombey, "and now be off."

Dolly took her departure, and in due time was seen hovering round the borders of the common, and always in the neighborhood of the lady, with the white dress and green bodice. Dombey rubbed his hands with delight at beholding this evidence of attention and fidelity on the part of Dolly; and when in half an hour's time he beheld the lady leaving the common, with Dolly close at her heels, he snapped his fingers, whistled, sung and would have danced, if his fat and burley body had not kept his feet too close upon the platform. He walked into the house and sat down five minutes; then he got up and walked the floor five minutes, musing on the boundless happiness in store for him; for if he once found the lady, as he now felt sure he should, he considered the whole matter settled; then he stood before his large mirror, contemplating his beautiful face, and portly form, and rich and splendid dress, for the space of ten minutes; then he went out, and walked back and forth on the platform ten minutes, looking down upon the common, not to survey the people who were there, but to contemplate the one who was *not* there; then he walked round his grounds ten minutes, and built, in his mind's eye, an arbor here for Mrs. Dombey, and a garden there for Mrs. Dombey, with a walk lined with flowers on one side for Mrs. Dombey, and with fruits on the other side for Mrs. Dombey, and it added not a little to his own happiness to know that Mrs. Dombey would be the happiest woman alive. Then he returned to the platform, and was supprised to see Dolly much sooner than he expected coming up the hill.

He waved his handkerchief to her to hurry her along, which was altogether a needless incentive, for the faithful creature at every step gave panting evidence, that her arduous endeavors to get ahead were, fully equal to her ability. As soon as she came within speaking distance, Dombey hailed her, and wanted to know "if it was all right now."—Dolly nodded her head in the affirmative.

Dombey snapped his fingers, and walked across the platform, and back, and by that time Dolly stood before him.

"Now, Dolly, is everything right?" said Dombey.

"All right, Mr. Dombey, as a new laid egg."

"No blue bodice mixed up with it this time, nor nothing?" said Dombey.

"Nothing but just the lady you showed me," said Dolly, "and she's the sweetest lady that ever I seed in all my born days."

"I know that," said Dombey, "but where did she go to? that's the question. Did you see her go into the house? and what sort of a house is it? and what street was it? could you go right to it again?"

"Well, Mr. Dombey, you ask me so many questions all at once, you bother me."

"Well, one at a time then," said Dombey. "Did you see that same lady with the white dress and green bodice go into the house?"

"Yes, sir, these blessed eyes of mine seed her go right into the house."

"What sort of a house was it?"

"The sweetest two-story white house in Boston."

"How do you know you can find it again?"

"Cause, I know I can; it's about half-way down Milk street, and a great tree stands before it, and a pump at the next door. I asked a little girl who lived there, and she said Mr. Charles Johnson. And I asked who the young lady was that just went in there, and she said that it was Miss Henrietta Matilda Johnson."

"Good," said Dombey; "now my path is all clear, and nothing but sunshine before me; now I see my way. In the next place I must write to her, and you must go right back and carry a letter. It's lucky Nic does not get home yet, for he would have so much of his foolery going on that I should have no peace."

Had Squire Dombey known where Nicholas was at that very moment, it would have interfered more with his peace than all the jokes and sarcasms he could have perpetrated in a month. For Nicholas had already arrived at the house of Charles Johnson, and was seated in the parlor, having a very social chat with the gay and accomplished Henrietta, as he had done fifty times before. It had been several months since his acquaintance commenced there, and indeed there was already a strong prospect that the lady with the white dress and green bodice would eventually become Mrs. Dombey.

Such was the state of things when Squire Dombey sat down to his desk to communicate to the lady by letter the tumult that was raging in his heart, and to inform her that he had immense happiness in store for her, at the same time bidding Dolly to keep an eye down the street, and let him know if Nicholas came in sight, for he was determined Nic should not know a word of what was going on till the whole business was completed, and the carriage should bring Mrs. Dombey to the door, and then he would tell Nic to make his best bow to his aunt, and he might crack his jokes as hard as he pleased.

He sat down and wrote with ease and despatch, for his heart was full and his feelings gushed forth like a torrent, the following brief but highly sentimental epistle:

"Dombey Mansion, Beacon Hill,
Saturday Eve.

MY DEAREST HENRIETTA MATILDA.—I have seen you, and am perfectly overwhelmed with your charms. I have not a thought in my head but that centers upon you, nor a drop of blood in my veins that does not beat for you. I can see no brightness in the sun in your presence, nor any loveliness in the moon when thinking of you. I am sure the stars must hide their diminished heads when your eyes are turned upon them, and every flower that beholds your cheek must blush for its own lack of beauty. My mind is made up. I am determined that your position in future shall correspond with your surpassing charms and your unparalleled merits. Dombey Mansion needs but your presence to make it a paradise, and you only need the delights of Dombey Mansion to make you the happiest woman on earth. Angelic, charming Henrietta Matilda, when will you be ready to receive the hand of Dombey, and fill this garden of Eden with all your loveliness? I shall wait with almost distracted impatience for a line from you by faithful Dolly, the bearer of this.

"Could I compress the contents of the whole dictionary into a single word, it would be too feeble to express the admiration of your devoted "DOMBEY."

Attest, George Dombey, Clerk."

Having finished his letter, and mechanically witnessed it in an official manner, he carefully folded it, directed it, and sealed it with a large red wafer, first having put another large red wafer inside. He then began to endorse it upon the corner, "fifth pigeon hole," when collecting his thoughts again, he erased the endorsement, and called aloud for Dolly.

"Here Dolly," said he, "take this letter and carry it to Mr. Charles Johnson's, for Miss Henrietta Matilda, and wait for an answer; then fly home as fast as your wings will carry you."

"Lor, Mr. Dombey, I aint a bird, I can't fly."

"Well, don't stop to parley about it," said Dombey, if you can't fly, then run."

Away went Dolly upon a regular trot down the hill, and Dombey betook himself to walking the floor, as though he were walking upon a wager against time.

During the continuance of Dolly's trot and Dombey's walk, a lively conversation was going on between Nicholas and Henrietta in Johnson's parlor.

"Did you know that uncle George was dead in love with you, Henrietta?"

"With me? no indeed," said Henretta, with a deep blush; "when did he ever see me?"

"Last Saturday, through his spy-glass, as you were walking on the common."

"Well, I saw a short stout, gentleman, with a something that looked like a spy-glass in his hand, walking back and forth in front of your house; was that your uncle George?"

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and he fell into raptures about you, and I think has been trying ever since to discover where you live. If he should chance to find you, I shouldn't be surprised if he should make proposals to you at once."

"Oh, nonsense, Nicholas; play your jokes upon somebody else; you must know they are lost upon me, I've heard you talk too often."

"It's true, upon my word," said Nicholas; "he got into quite a fever about you, and sent Dolly off to follow you, and find out where you lived. But poor Dolly lost the track, and went on a wild-goose chase clear down to the North End."

Just then there was a hurried knock at the front door, and presently the servant girl handed a letter into the parlor for Miss Henrietta, and said the girl that brought ti would wait for an answer.

"Well, ask her into the kitchen," said Henrietta, as she took the letter. The letter was opened and read, first by Henrietta, whose face changed color as rapidly as the dolphin when first taken out of the water, and then it was read by Nicholas, who sometimes bit his lips with indignation, and sometimes burst out in excessive laughter.

"There," said Nicholas, dashing down the letter upon the table, "uncle George is the most insufferable coxcomb I ever knew. He has been playing this kind of a game ever since I can remember. Now if you will do as I tell you, Henrietta, we will give him a lesson that may do his conceited old gray head some good. Send an answer to this letter that shall make him think you are delighted, and that you are just about as much in love as he is. Of course he will write again in the warmest and most enthusiastic terms, and propose a visit, which of course you must accept. Then, when he makes his visit, as soon as he offers any proposals for himself, you must affect the utmost surprise; pretend that you thought the letters were from me, and that it was for me you intended the answers; offer to turn him over to your poor old, lame, and half-blind maiden aunt, and bluff him off in a way that will make him remember it as long as he lives. No matter how hard you run him, he will deserve it all; for more vanity and conceit were never wrapt up in one old coxcomb. I'll say that for him, if he is my uncle."

After due deliberation and consultation the following reply to the letter was agreed upon, and drawn up in the neat penmanship of Henrietta.

"Milk Street, Saturday Evening."

"MY DEAREST DOMBEY.—I have just received and read, over and over again, the sweetest letter that was ever penned by mortal hands. Indeed, I think angel fingers must have had something to do with it, for it already seems to have transported me to Paradise. What you could have seen in my poor person to move you so much is past my comprehension; but undoubtedly these things are wisely ordered. And I may now freely confess to you, that I have seen your dear self several times; I have seen you going and returning from Dombey Mansion, and I have seen you on the common; and ever since the first time my eyes beheld you, my heart has been like a boiling cauldron. But what could I do? I thought my case was hopeless, and that I was doomed, for the short time I had to live—

"To let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on my damask cheek."

"Twice in my distress I went to the dock, at dark midnight, with the determination to put an end to the anguish that I could endure no longer. What preserved me I know not, unless there was some faint glimmering of hope in some secret corner of my heart that I was hardly aware of. But now your sweet letter has banished the darkness, and filled my whole heart with sunshine and my whole soul with joy. To be permitted to reside with you at Dombey Mansion, and to be called Mrs. Dombey, I blush while I am writing it, would be a happiness almost too great for mortal to bear. And yet I am rash enough to desire most ardently to run such a heavenly risk. You ask when will I be ready to come to Dombey Mansion. My heart is there now, and the rest, dearest Dombey, shall be left to yourself. My heart is so full it almost chokes my utterance.

Your happy, almost too happy,
HENRIETTA MATILDA JOHNSON."

[CONCLUDED ON THIRD PAGE.]

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS.

NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY. JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved *TRUSSES*, at his old stand, No. 305 Washington street, opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue, BOSTON, where he has been for the last ten years—and his residence and business being both in the same building, he can be seen at home nearly the whole of the time, day or evening. He has more room and better conveniences for the Truss business than any other person engaged in it in this city or any other.

Also, Abdominal Supporters for Prolapsus Uteri; Trusses for Prolapsus Ani; Suspensory Bags, Knee Caps, Back Boards, Steeled Shoes for deformed feet; Trusses repaired at one hour's notice, and often times made to answer as well as new. The subscriber having worn a truss himself for the last twenty-five years, and fitted so many for the last ten years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases that may come to him.

Convex Spiral Trusses, Dr. Chase's Trusses, formerly sold by Dr. Leeds; Trusses of galvanized metal that will not rust, having wooden and copper pads; Read's Spiral Truss; Rundell's do; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's patent French do; Bateman's do, double and single; Stone's Trusses; also Trusses for children, of all sizes. Marsh's Truss; Dr. Hull's do; Thompson's Ratchet do, and the Shakers' Rocking Trusses may be had at this establishment. Whispering Tubes and Ear Trumpets, that will enable a person to converse low with one that is hard of hearing.

All Ladies in want of Abdominal Supporters or Trusses, waited on by his wife, Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER, who has had ten years' experience in the business.

Certificates.

From Dr. John C. Warren of Boston.—Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with hernia have suffered much from the want of skilful women in accommodating trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beath. After some months of observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr. Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel myself called upon to recommend him to my professional brethren and to the public as a person well fitted to their wants in regard to these important articles.

JOHN C. WARREN, M. D.

From Dr. Robbins, Roxbury.—Since the death of Mr. John Beath, I have used, in preference to all other trusses, those made by Mr. J. F. Foster of Boston.

P. G. ROBBINS, M. D.

From Dr. Greene, Boston.—I have sent many persons to be fitted with trusses and abdominal supporters by Jas. F. Foster, and he has uniformly given full satisfaction in their application.

The benefit of such instruments is often lost, in consequence of their imperfect construction, and from neglect in properly fitting them; on this account I am in the habit of sending patients to Mr. Foster, confidently believing that he will give them a good article, and see that they are well fitted.

H. B. C. GREENE, M. D.

Boston, April 27, 1846.—The undersigned is familiar with the ability of Mr. J. F. Foster to manufacture trusses, the various kinds of supporters and other apparatus required by invalids, and fully believes that the character of his work will favorably compare with that of other artists.

J. V. C. SMITH, *Ed. Boston Medical Jour.*

Boston, October, 1846. 43

TEMPERANCE RAILROAD HOUSE.

THE subscriber would call the attention of the traveling community to the above House in Winthrop, formerly known as the "Temperance Hotel," and kept by D. CARR.—Said House will fully sustain its former reputation for Temperance, and it is confidently hoped that its character in every respect will be such as to merit a liberal share of the public patronage. BENJAMIN LANE.

Winthrop, Feb. 23, 1847. 9

Wonderful Curiosity—American Oil.

THIS OIL is obtained from a natural well in Burksville, Ky. It is Nature's own remedy, follow Nature and be wise in time, all ye that suffer from sickness and pain. It is excellent for Rheumatism, Scalds, Colic, Piles, Phthisic, Deafness, Sprains, Salt Rheum, and all Impurities of the Blood. Pamphlets gratis. The peculiar smell to some is pleasant, but it is indescribable. Only agents for Augusta are COFREN & BLATCHFORD, at No. 9, Bridge's Block, Water-street. 3m9

SOMETHING NEW! NO HUMBUG
Pitts' Corn and Cob Mill.

I NOW state, for the benefit of farmers, mill owners, and all others who feel any interest in the economy of feeding horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, that I have constructed a mill to grind cobs and corn, which is completely adapted to the wants of the farmers. It is simple in construction, durable, and not liable to get out of order. It occupies but little room, and can be operated by horse, steam, or water power—requiring much less of either to do the work, than *any other mill in the United States.*

In commendation of my mill, the Editor of the "Cultivator," published at Albany, N. Y., says: "Its advantages are, 1. Great simplicity of construction, not being liable to get out of order; but in case of injury, readily repaired. 2. Portableness, occupying less space than the common grindstone used by farmers. 3. The facility with which it will grind corn and cobs in any condition; its peculiar construction enabling it to work equally well whether the corn is in a damp, green or dry state. 4. Its adaptedness to grinding shelled corn, coffee, pease or beans, with a slight change of gear. 5. The grain is not heated in being ground, thus obviating the tendency of the meal to sour or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but it is fine enough for any description of stock."

The utility of grinding the cob and corn together has long been established by actual experiment, and the only reason why the practice has not become general, has been the difficulty of getting it properly ground, especially when the cob is not perfectly dry. This inconvenience is all overcome by the use of my mill. It is estimated, by means of experience, that the value of feed is increased one-third by grinding the cob and corn together, and it is found to be much more healthy for the animal than corn without the cob. The saving, in a farm like the former, north saving.

I have ground more than 1000 bushels of ears of corn for different farmers in this vicinity, and all are well pleased with the feed, and pronounce the mill the greatest improvement for grinding cobs and corn that they have ever seen or heard of.

The price of the mill is $40, at the shop in Winthrop Village, where we are now manufacturing them. All orders for mills, addressed to the subscriber, will receive the earliest attention. HIRAM A. PITTS.

Winthrop, Feb. 3, 1846. 7tf

IRON WORKS.

HOLMES & ROBBINS, having rebuilt and enlarged their *IRON FOUNDRY*, are now ready to furnish CASTINGS of all kinds at short notice.

Their *FORGE* and *MACHINE SHOP* are now in operation, where about every kind of *SHAPE* and *MACHINERY* can be had on favorable terms.

Particular attention given to *SHIP* and *MILL WORK PATTERNS* furnished, in most cases, without charge to customers.

The following are some of the articles manufactured by them, viz:—FOR VESSELS—Windlass Purchases, Windlass Necks, Capstan Spindles, Truss Arms, Iron Knees, Quarter Blocks, Sheives; Belaying Rails, Pins and Chocks, and all kinds of Shapes for Truss Hoops, Clamps for Screws, &c.

FOR MILLS—Water Wheels, Spurling Gears, Gudgeons, both Wing and Plate, Iron Buckets, Cranks, Rims, Bosses, and many smaller articles, such as Saw Arbors, Stirrup Screws, Boxes for the Eyes of Mill Stones, Turning Lathe Irons, &c.

Also, Hubs for Carts and Wagons, Boxes, Plow Castings, Fire Frames, Fire Dogs, Cultivator Teeth, and every kind of Casting or Wrought Iron Shape, wanted for Agriculture, Ship Building and Machinery.

Agents.—JONES & HANMOND, Portland; KENDALL & RICHARDSON, Bath; WM. HITCHCOCK & CO., Newcastle.

WANTED—10 or 15,000 bushels good Hemlock or Pine COAL, for which CASH will be paid.

Gardiner, Nov, 26, 1846. 53

REMOVAL.

J. G. HOLCOMB has removed to **No. 3, North's Buildings,** a few doors south of the Post Office, where he continues his agency for the sale of *P. P. Stewart's Patent Summer and Winter Air Tight Cooking Stove*; together with a great variety of other *Stoves* and *Hard Ware Goods*. Also a general assortment of *Tin Ware, Stove Furniture, &c.*, which is offered for sale on valuable terms.

WANTED as above, 200 cords each, good merchantable green hard and hemlock wood, for which a fair price will be given in exchange for Goods, or on account, if delivered soon. Dec. 30 52

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

A LARGE and well selected supply, of the usual variety, constantly for sale on the most reasonable terms by J. E. LADD.

Augusta, February 2, 1847. 5

HUNTER'S PULMONARY BALSAM, just received, price 50c. per bottle, for sale by

Feb. 1. 5-2m COFREN & BLATCHFORD.

JOHNSON'S OPODELDOC for sale, wholesale and retail, at Proprietor's lowest prices, by the agents

Feb. 1. 2m5 COFREN & BLATCHFORD.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

ALL the various popular medicines of the day are for sale by US, among which may be found Wister's Balsam, Sears' Syrup Liverwort, Hunter's Pulmonary Balsam, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, &c. &c.

COFREN & BLATCHFORD.

Feb. 1. 2m5 *No. 9, Bridge's Blo ck, Augus*

NO. 1 & 2, MACKEREL, in Bbls. and half do. for sale by B. LIBBY & CO.

DR. TOWNSEND'S *Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla.*—A fresh supply just received and for sale, by the dozen or single bottle, at the proprietor's prices, by

Feb'y 16, 1847. 7 J. E. LADD.

DR. RICHARDSON'S *Sherry Wine Bitters*, for sale at wholesale or retail by J. E. LADD.

SUPERIOR *BLACK WRITING INK*, for sale by the gallon, dozen or single bottle, by J. E. LADD.

New York and Saugerties White Lead.

JUST RECEIVED, a fresh supply of the above Lead, which is *warranted* equal, or superior in quality to any in market, for sale by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

DR. THOMPSON'S *EYE WATER*, for sale by J. E LADD, *Druggist*, corner Water St. and Market Sqr

DAY & MARTIN'S *BLACKING*. 12 doz. of Day & Martin's celebrated Blacking, for sale low by

Feb. 8, 1847. 6 J. E. LADD.

25 M *GENUINE SPANISH CIGARS*, various brands, some very choice, for sale low by J. E. LADD.

DALLEY'S *PAIN EXTRACTOR* for sale by the agent.

Feb., 1847. 6 J. E. LADD.

THE CHEAPEST FOOD IN USE,
for Horses, Cattle and Hogs.

THE subscriber having set up one of *Pitts' Corn and Cob Machines*, at his Grist Mill in Augusta, is now ready to make corn and cob meal in any quantity, with the greatest dispatch. The public are invited to try this feed; those having done so, stating it to be one third cheaper than clear corn meal. WM. BRIDGE.

Augusta, Dec. 15, 1846 3m5

A COMPLETE assortment of *WEST INDIA GOODS and GROCERIES* just received and for sale very low by B. LIBBY & CO.

45

MINERAL SPRING.

THE proprietors of "Togus Mineral Spring," Hallowell, Me., have the satisfaction to be able to say that the ext